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CHRONICLE.

In Parliament. **B**OTH Houses yesterday week, by a rather unusual coincidence or arrangement, devoted practically the whole of their time to the question of Uganda directly, and indirectly to that of the new Anglo-Belgian Agreement. In the Upper the question was raised by Lord STANMORE, who, as Sir ARTHUR GORDON, had opportunities of colonial experience unusual even in the House of Lords. In the Lower it rose naturally on the Uganda vote, which, after debate, was passed by the satisfactory majority of 218 to 52.

The debate in both Houses, though it exposed the half-hearted and paltry policy of the Government in postponing (Lord ROSEBERY was careful to explain that it was only postponed) the all-important railway scheme (to satisfy Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's factiousness of two years ago, and the presumed desire of the British workman that nothing shall be spent except upon himself now) was also, on the whole, satisfactory. The sectarian tone of the objections made to Captain LUGARD's action by Lord HERRIES and the Duke of NORFOLK might have been regrettable if it had not given Lord SALISBURY an occasion, which he took most adroitly, of condemning and rebutting the strange pretence of France, a persecutor of Catholicism at home, to be a defender of it abroad. Indeed, all Lord SALISBURY's speech was good, and his approval of the Anglo-Belgian Agreement was particularly valuable. Of the Government speeches, Lord ROSEBERY's finale was much better than Lord KIMBERLEY's overture; though Lord STANMORE, in his reply, was fully justified in his gibe that we have had approvals by Lord ROSEBERY of what Lord SALISBURY says before, and that not very much has come of them.

In the Lower House Sir EDWARD GREY made a good speech—good, that is to say, in its exposition and defence of what the Government were doing, excellent in its disapproval of the working-man argument noted above, but fatally weak as regards the shirking of the railway question. The Little Englanders were represented by Sir CHARLES DILKE (whom we remember, once upon a time, to have been described by one who should have known him pretty well as a "Jingo," but who seems to have bought his return to public life at the price of his Jingoism), Mr. LABOUCHERE, who said that if the Government took Uganda they would be

obliged to take the countries around it ("Fervently," exclaimed the Bishop, "fervently I trust they 'may!'"); and Mr. STOREY, who out-Storeyed himself in fatuity. But the speech of the evening was Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's, examining the question from the business even more than from the political point of view, and triumphantly vindicating the protectorate, while denouncing the slackness about the railway.

Lords. The incident of most interest in the House of Lords on Monday was a little conversation in which Lord KIMBERLEY, practically admitting that under a certain Act Irish landlords were, owing to a miscalculation, cheated of six years' annual payment for redemption of tithe, declined to grant any relief.

Commons. In the Commons Mr. BALFOUR very good-temperedly asked, and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT very ill-temperedly refused (afterwards tempering his refusal with an ungracious "We will see"), opportunity for directly discussing the Uganda railway, which last week could not be referred to otherwise than by implication. The Finance Bill being subsequently resumed, there was much discussion (chiefly on its interference with settlements), some divisions, and an interesting rally between the two Leaders on a new doctrine of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's as to "margin." Margin is as yet a little undefined, but appears to stand to "ransom" quite as "guerdon" did to "remuneration." The theory is, that if a man has possessions beyond a certain limit of comfortable living, the whole of those possessions is for the State to cut and come again at. Thus the rich man becomes what the poor man was supposed to be before the Revolution, "tailable et corvéable à merci et à miséricorde," and graduation disappears in favour of a far simpler and beautifuller process.

Lords. On Tuesday the feelings of the Scottish Home Rulers were outraged by a Bill (introduced by their ain godly Lord WATSON, too!) for assimilating the law of Scotland to that of England in regard to Arbitration.

Commons. In the Lower House Sir EDWARD GREY vainly attempted to soothe Mr. LABOUCHERE about Unyoro and the horrid chain of forts between it and Uganda (Forts, look you! and with British flags in them! and soldiers with swords and guns actually defending a British

protectorate!). Mr. MACLURE moved the adjournment for the Derby, which was seconded by Mr. CHAPLIN, opposed by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, and rejected by a majority of 86. The conclusion was foregone, and the incident chiefly interesting because it produced a confidential intimation from the *Daily News* to the effect "We are getting slightly 'tired of Ladas.'" "Tu commences à m'embêter 'avec ton cheval suprême,'" says our BILLAUD-VARENNES to his ROBESPIERRE. The Budget was then again debated, divided on, and the amendment to it defeated with mechanical precision.

On Wednesday Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT lost his temper, the Opposition lost an amendment, and the House very nearly lost a day over the Budget, instead of going cannily down to Epsom (or, still more cannily, staying away) like sensible folk. We say "very nearly," for at the end of the afternoon the Prevention of Cruelty to Children Bill was read a third time, Mr. HOPWOOD being graciously pleased to withdraw his opposition.

The Lords occupied themselves on Thursday with the Perjury Bill and other matters.

In the Commons, after questions, the Budget once more reigned.

On Friday week the FIRST LORD and the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE received an important deputation on the subject of manning both the navy and the merchant service.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's long expected return match with Lord ROSEBURY came off this day week at Bradford before a meeting in support of the candidature of and presided over by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. The Gladstonians, according to their usual tactics, attempted to howl Mr. CHAMBERLAIN down, but without success, and he was able among other things to charge Lord ROSEBURY with the rather serious mistake of having attributed to him two important statements which he had never made.

Lord ROSEBURY, speaking at Eton on the Fourth of June, was in his best form, and touched with equal pleasantness on the unfortunate deficiency of Eton men in his Cabinet; his freedom from any shame (as why should he feel any?) in the possession of Ladas, to whom Dr. HORNBY had made a capital reference; his total want of comprehension of Welsh (we fear the Dauntless Four will find this frivolous), and so forth. In Standing Committee on the Church Patronage Bill Mr. CARVELL WILLIAMS carried an amendment prohibiting *all* sale by 13 to 12. We cannot pretend to be very sorry for this. The Bill was a foolish attempt to serve GOD and Mammon, to benefit the Church while conciliating the Church-robbers, and we have no tears for it. Sir HUGH GILZEAN-REID tried to white-wash Lord ROSEBURY from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's charges—a matter which, as the facts are antecedent to the Unionist alliance, we can afford to regard with complete impartiality.

The National Reform Union met on Tuesday, and had a happy day abolishing everything. Mr. LABOUCHERE abolished the House of Lords, Sir CHARLES DILKE voting qualifications, Sir WILFRID LAWSON beer, Mr. LOUGH the City of London, Mr. LEON Royal pensions, Sir WILLIAM WEDDERBURN mine rents, royalties, wayleaves, and (by implication) property in land and otherwise generally; Mr. CREMER the army and navy, and other wise men other dreadful things. And then they all went home, no doubt to sleep the sleep of the just, and Mr. LEON and Sir WILLIAM WEDDERBURN, we trust, to prepare cheques representing the capital value of their own property, after allowing provision, on Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's scale, for "necessaries and a few 'moderate luxuries,'" and to send them in to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER at once.

This day week fresh disturbances were reported from Chitral, and there were rumours of a possibly very serious war between Boers and Kaffirs. This, if it comes, will be the late but almost inevitable result of our mad abandonment of the Transvaal. It was again asserted that Germany had lodged a protest against the Anglo-Belgian Agreement with the Congo State, though nothing had been said to England. In Hungary, Count KHÜNHEDERVARY, Ban of Croatia, had been summoned in the place of Dr. WEKERLE, whose resignation, it seems, had been due merely to the EMPEROR's refusal to promise beforehand the unconstitutional course of swamping the Magnates. The STOILOFF régime in Bulgaria was beginning very badly, with riots, &c. Heavy fighting was expected in Samoa, in regard to which tempestuous Paradise, by the way, one of Mr. STEVENSON's long and curious letters was published.

On Monday it was telegraphed that sensible Indian opinion agreed with sensible Home opinion on the Mango-and-Mutiny scare, which later was said to be due to the action of pigs. For your pig will rub against your green tree. The two scoundrelly troopers of the Bechuanaland police who had intercepted LOBENGULA's peace offering, and thereby caused the death of the WILSON party, and probably the King's own, were found guilty and sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude. We could only have wished that the trial had been at Cape Town instead of at Buluwayo. In France M. CASIMIR PERIER, late Prime Minister, had become President of the Chamber, *vice* M. DUPUY, appointed Prime Minister. The KHÜNHEDERVARY Cabinet did not seem likely to work in Hungary. In Italy Signor CRISPI's Government had obtained a large majority in an important division. Floods in Canada; more strike crimes in America; and an insurrection against foreigners, especially Americans, in Corea, completed the tale.

On Tuesday we learnt that the Pondoland Annexation Bill had been read a second time in the Cape Parliament. One of the vague and florid debates usual on the occasion had taken place in the French Chamber on the new Ministry, who had been informed by a majority of about two to one that they were not to be turned out before they had begun. For that is about all it comes to. Count KHÜNHEDERVARY had abandoned his task in Hungary, but it was thought that Dr. WEKERLE, on his part, would abandon the arrogant pretension to an absolute guarantee of swamping. There was more and most unreasonable grumbling in Germany over the Anglo-Belgian Agreement. If the Germans suppose that we are always going to buy their good temper, they will, we trust, find themselves woefully deceived. Signor CRISPI had won another fight, but by a dangerously small majority.

A curious scene was reported, on Wednesday morning, from the French Chamber, where M. PASCHAL GROUSSET, having tried to wreak the old spite of the Communists on the Marquis DE GALLIFET, was heavily foiled by General MERCIER. The Suez Canal meeting had passed the grants to the LESSEPS family, but not without considerable opposition. In Italy Signor CRISPI, agreeing with the above description of his majority as "dangerously small," had resigned, but it was thought that he would only "shed" certain colleagues and resume. The Hungarian crisis was unaltered. Other news was small; but Major OWEN, *retour d'Unyoro*, had given some interesting details of the fighting there and the advance to Wadelai.

On Thursday morning we learnt that strong opposition had arisen in Australia to the present Budget on the ground of double taxation of Australian securities. Favourable accounts were received of the effects of cholera inoculation in India. A Socialist Deputy had been convicted in France of insulting the police (ten

days and 100 francs), and the African grumblers were still grumbling. Italy was still Ministerless; but it was said that Dr. WEKERLE had consented to the "shedding" process. The Belgian Chamber had passed the Electoral Bill, and M. STAMBOULOFF's party had published a formal manifesto announcing itself as a constitutional Opposition in Bulgaria. The King of COREA had asked for Chinese troops, and the answer had taken the appropriate form of 2,000 troops under General YES.

The Austrian and Italian difficulties were unsettled yesterday morning; strike news from America was worse than ever; and there had been a grand denunciation of British perfidy in the French Chamber on the subject of the Congo State. M. HANOTAUX, the new French Minister, adopted an ingenious mixture of threats towards Belgium and indignant expostulations with England, but gave a total impression that, though he might be able *chanter bien fort*, he was not quite so much RICHELIEU as he is RICHELIEU's biographer.

The Opium Trade. A very discreditable document, signed by certain missionaries in China, was published this week in reference to the Opium Trade, endeavouring, by *odium theologicum* and otherwise, to counteract the clear weight of the evidence before the Commission in India. These persons were good enough to inform the world that they themselves "refuse to admit opium-smokers to Church membership." The conformity of such a refusal to the principles and practice of Him whom they would claim as their Founder is striking and full of edification.

The London Cab Strike. The London Cab Strike having dragged itself along for weeks with considerable, though not intolerable, inconvenience to the public, a cry was raised on Wednesday that both sides had agreed to the "mediation," not the "arbitration," of Mr. ASQUITH, who was to quiet all things—*more Roseberiano*. Next day the prospects of an amicable reference to the HOME SECRETARY were much less rosy, and though he actually presided on Thursday, no settlement was then arrived at. Meanwhile, Canon SCOTT HOLLAND and others were, as usual, advertising for help to the men's "wives and children." It is most earnestly to be hoped that the good, stupid, incorrigible public will not be once more gulled in this gross way. Any cabman who chooses to be content with his wages can maintain his wife and children at once, unless the violence of the strikers prevents him, and every subscription given to Canon SCOTT HOLLAND will simply at once prolong the strike and go to feed and encourage this violence. One cabman, it may be observed, was convicted and another committed for trial, on charges of intimidation, on Wednesday. Other convictions followed, and Mr. BIRON, at Lambeth on Thursday, made an important statement as to the law of picketing.

The Law Courts. A set of important regulations and resolutions were promulgated by the Judges yesterday week, on which day Mr. Justice STIRLING decided that he could grant, and granted, an injunction against a partner, alleged to be of unsound mind, to prevent his taking part in the business of his firm. At Westminster police court a German, named BRALL, was charged on suspicion both of coining and of explosive-making. At West London a cabman was sentenced to a month's hard labour for assaulting a constable, with a rider of another month or a fine for intimidating a non-Union driver.

This day week MARIE HERMANN, the Austrian person who was charged with the murder of an old man who had visited her, was found guilty of manslaughter only, and sentenced to six years' penal servitude. The verdict seems right enough; but, since it went on the hypothesis of a scuffle and the causing of death in

something like self-defence, the sentence seems a little heavy.

We have no doubt that the decision finally given in the House of Lords against Mr. COBB (who had pursued the Great Western Railway through many Courts to make it responsible for the refusal of a stationmaster to stop the train so as to arrest certain persons who had robbed Mr. COBB of much moneys) is good law. But it certainly seems rather bad justice.

The "American General" (and analytical chemist) by whose act a man died last week was committed on Tuesday by Coroner's warrant, and next day by the magistrate, for manslaughter.

The huge SUTHERLAND Will case, on which an entire galaxy gallery of British barristry was engaged, came up on Thursday; but, as was not unexpected, was compromised—the better ending.

Meetings, Dinners, &c. This day week the Duke and Duchess of CONNAUGHT visited the Agricultural Show at Guildford. The Duchess of FIFE, at the Crystal Palace, distributed the prizes for Children's Essays on Cruelty to Animals; the new buildings of the Indian Institute at Oxford were opened, a jubilee celebration of the Young Men's Christian Association took place, and there was a meet of the Coaching Club in Hyde Park.

On Wednesday the contributors to the *Dictionary of National Biography* entertained their publisher and each other at dinner. The Young Men's Christian Association's Jubilee reached its climax, and there was other Derby Day revelry.

Correspondence. On Monday morning Mr. MAXIM endeavoured to defend himself, not too intelligibly, from a charge of hoaxing in reference to the bullet-proof coat, and a rather dignified letter was published from Herr DÖWE himself on the subject. "A Christ Church Undergraduate" gave a very temperate and sufficient summary of the most singular proceedings that we remember on the part of any Governing Body either at Oxford or Cambridge. There is no word for them in English; but the Latin *impotentia*—fretful and undignified as well as unjust despotism—fits them exactly.

Games. Lady MARGARET SCOTT won the Ladies' Golf Championship yesterday week.

Racing. The most popular, if not the best, week of English racing began with two racing scandals—one in England, one in France. It was authoritatively asserted that the suspicious death of General WILLIAMS's horse Pensioner at Manchester was due to an irritant poison, and the winning on Sunday of the French Derby by a rank outsider, who had recently run very badly, M. EPHRUSSI's Gospodar, was the cause of a disgraceful riot among the not very reposeful frequenters of the French Turf.

The Epsom meeting itself produced some good racing on Tuesday, but there was not much public interest, except in the Woodcote Stakes, where some fondly hoped that Sir Visto, a youngster of Lord ROSEBURY's, would at once repeat the victory of Ladas last year, and augur another for him to-morrow. But Sir Visto was nowhere, Saintly winning; and even the success of Colonel NORTH's Primrose Way in the Epsom Plate was ambiguous. For Colonel NORTH's "Primrose Way" is not the same as Lord ROSEBURY's. So the omens were left Delphic and doubtful.

They were probably strengthened for the superstitious when Primrose Way repeated his victory in the Town Plate (run before the Derby) on Wednesday; but, in fact, everybody had made up his mind that Ladas must win, bar accident or the turning up of a dark horse. The exact ease with which he did win from Matchbox and five others by a length and a half may

be questionable; but no horse can do more than win by as much as he is asked to win by. Reminder, upon whom some hopes had been placed, so far justified them as to run third, though very far behind; but Bullingdon, on whose reported trial with Grey Leg so much had been built, collapsed completely. So Lord ROSEBURY did what Lord DERBY and Lord PALMERSTON had failed to do, and the last rag of consolation was snatched from Sir WILFRID LAWSON and the rest of the "fie-fie" Gladstonians.

There was some interest in the hollow winning of the Epsom Grand Prize, the chief event of the off-day, by Reminder, whose performance so soon after the Derby showed himself to be a good horse and his victors to be better. Also it was said that Matchbox had been sold, with a view to his engagement in the Paris Grand Prix, for an immense sum.

Yachting. The Southern yachting season for big boats began on the Thames in the latter half of last week, there being racing on all the three days. The *Britannia* met nothing that could touch her, indeed nothing near her own size but the *Iverna* was out. The new forty *Carina* and the new yawl *Namara* did fairly.

Cricket. The weather again cut about the second batch of last week's cricket almost worse than the first. Gloucestershire beat Notts, Lancashire Sussex, and Yorkshire Middlesex, but only the latest match was of first-rate interest. It was a bowler's game throughout, J. T. HEARNE taking six Yorkshire wickets for 16, while WAINWRIGHT and PEEL returned the compliment by sending nine Middlesex men back for 32.

The weather of Monday was so bad that scarcely anything was done except in the match between Cambridge and Surrey. The University did not show very well, except that the slow bowling of Mr. MITCHELL, its most promising freshman, was effective on the queer ground.

The game was a little more possible on Tuesday, though grounds were naturally very treacherous and in some places impossible. Cambridge succumbed completely to Surrey, who were able to master the University bowling, get their opponents out in the second innings with no resistance from any one save Messrs. MITCHELL and PERKINS, and win by an innings and 63. Meanwhile Oxford on their own ground took nearly the whole day to get Lancashire out for 195. But the most interesting cricket of the day was the match begun and finished between a good M.C.C. team and the South Africans, who, showing far better form than they had displayed against much weaker opponents, won by 11, their bowling and wicket-keeping being specially good.

On Wednesday Lancashire disposed of Oxford almost as easily (an innings and one) as Surrey had disposed of Cambridge. The weather prevented any other match from being finished.

Miscellaneous. Several persons were killed in Ireland at the beginning of the week in the favourite amusement of "trying to break open a shell" which they had found. So long as a portion of the public is apparently convinced that a shell is only a variety of cocoa-nut or hard sweetmeat requiring a little gentle violence to make it yield to curiosity, such things must occur.

A well-deserved testimonial from the Trustees of the National Gallery to Sir FREDERIC BURTON was published on Thursday.

Obituary. Mr. CHARLES PEARSON, who died last week at the climacterical age of 63, was one of the most distinguished of a good generation of Oxford men. His career was partly helped and partly hindered by bad health. Driven by this from England to Australia

thirty years since, he was driven back two years ago, after having had a considerable political as well as professorial career at the Antipodes. A member of the somewhat doctrinaire University Liberal school of the middle of this century, he lived not exactly to recant—men of his stamp do not recant—but to demonstrate the vanity of nearly all his early illusions in that book of brilliant gloom, *National Life and Character*, which, as we pointed out when it appeared, foreboded either a *culbute générale* at the hands of barbarians, or a dull stationary state of undistinguished democracy for the whole civilized world.—Herr ROSCHER was a German political economist, who had paid special attention to English matters.—Mr. EDWARD CAPERN was very well known, many years ago, as "the Devonshire Post-man Poet," and had always maintained a good reputation.—Mr. MARK WILKS and Mr. ECCLESTON GIBB had been in different ways very well known men in London politics.—Mr. JOSHUA WRIGHT was a good Cambridge classical scholar, and Professor WHITNEY was probably the best philologist of America.

Books. An interesting account of *The Publishing House of Rivington*, edited by Mr. SEPTIMUS RIVINGTON, the present senior partner in the firm of RIVINGTON, PERCIVAL, & Co., has been issued by that firm, extremely well printed by Messrs. CLARK, and illustrated with portraits, title-pages, and ornaments from books published by the RIVINGTONS in their career of nearly two centuries.

THE UGANDA DEBATES.

AT last, yesterday week, when the concession of the whole time of Parliament left no excuse to the Government in the Commons, and when an independent member brought the matter before the Lords, the long-promised Uganda debate or debates came off. It had been postponed week after week, and almost month after month, in favour of futile attempts to quiet the various Ministerial creditors with "a little on account" (in spite of the famous warning as to the superior tigerishness of "le créancier qu'on paye"); and of ingenious attempts to make HER MAJESTY'S subject PETER pay the piper while HER MAJESTY'S subject PAUL calls the tune. But it could not be postponed for ever, and it came at last.

Something is said about the individual speeches in our "Chronicle," and what is there said need not be repeated here. The Government—which, for reasons not exceedingly hard to discover, has been shy and taciturn lately—was rather unusually loquacious. Four Ministers were put up to explain and defend respectively in the two Houses; and, if the opening speech of Sir EDWARD GREY was better than that of Lord KIMBERLEY, the closing speech of Lord ROSEBURY was much better than that of Mr. BRYCE. The fault of all four was that their reasons for doing as much as they had done, excellent as they were, unfortunately condemned them utterly for not doing more. It is very long since, on the same day and on the same subject, two speeches, mutually complementary, of such excellence as Lord SALISBURY'S in the Upper House and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S in the Lower have been delivered. The one chiefly from the political, and the other chiefly from the commercial, point of view, not merely smashed the Gladstonian opposition to the Gladstonian Government, but convicted that Government itself of incapacity in stopping short as it has done. Mr. BRYCE, it is true, did not dare, or could not bring himself, to give in the Commons the same curious and outspoken approval of what was said opposite that Lord ROSEBURY gave in the Lords. But Mr. BRYCE, like Lord ROSEBURY, is a Scotchman, and he knows very well that it is as much

as the life of the Government is worth to adopt Laboucharian policy in regard to the colonies and dependencies of England. Only a very foolish Englishman would deny that Scotland has contributed (far out of proportion to her population) to the manning and working of the great machine of the British Empire; and few Scotchmen, we should hope, are so foolish as to deny that an at least proportionate share of the profit has been received by their countrymen. Mr. LABOUCHERE and Mr. STOREY and even Sir CHARLES DILKE (*quantum mutatus* from him who was once called "ALEXANDRIA DILKE!") may wish England to neglect markets, and draw in her energies, and settle to the ignoble and suicidal game of rabbling and ransoming Capital for the benefit of Labour. But even Gladstonian Scotchmen know better.

The result, therefore, and the tenor of the debate were on the whole satisfactory, with the great exception already referred to. And a little amends was made for the pusillanimous and penny-wise policy of postponing (let us nail Lord ROSEBURY down to the assurance that it is only postponed) the absolutely necessary railway to the Victoria Nyanza. Not only did the majority, Opposition as well as Ministerial, expressly approve the agreement with the Congo State as well as the protectorate of Uganda, but the rather unwise arguments of the little remnant of scuttlers chimed in with the more or less explicit contentions of the majority, that we cannot even stop where we are. "You will have to go on!" shrieked Mr. LABOUCHERE and Mr. STOREY. "Thou sayest it," answered in effect, not merely Lord SALISBURY and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, but Lord ROSEBURY and Sir EDWARD GREY.

It was recognized, and no doubt quite properly recognized, that formal debate on the Congo State Agreement was not yet possible; and it became pretty well known that not merely France to England, but Germany to Belgium, has "said words," while, as the debate was going on the news came of a good-natured, but firm, reply from Italy to the French grumbling about "Ethiopia." We may, we hope, take it for granted that, after the expressions on both sides, it will be quite impossible for any English Ministry to retreat because of such protests as these. We have already given both France and Germany a great deal more than they deserved in Africa. Thousands of leagues of territory, explored by the labour, and sometimes at the cost of the life, of English travellers, nominally, or even more than nominally, belonging to those who were in effect England's vassals, supplied wholly or mainly by English trade, and not seldom actually acquired for England by treaties with native chiefs, have been handed over to countries that had not a ghost of a claim to show on any of these grounds. Even in such a House of Commons as the present a majority of more than four to one (which, if there had been a "call of the House," would probably have been nearer ten to one) has said that it is time this process ceased. Let those whom it concerns, at home and abroad, take note of it, and, if any one be disturbed by the fire and fury of the French debate on Thursday, let this serve as a cooling card. If the Congo State is *ab initio* and essentially, as M. HANOTAUX contends, so much an infant in international law as to be unable to take or grant a lease, how was it able to execute that grant of pre-emption on which the French base their claims?

THE RIVAL CUIRASSES.

A HUGE joke is, no doubt, capable of serving the purposes of a huge advertisement. This truth we conceive to be not unknown to Mr. HIRAM MAXIM. Perhaps from long familiarity with the American joke

Mr. MAXIM is not equally well aware of this other truth, that people do not always take kindly to having "huge jokes" played off at their expense. If he had thought of this he would perhaps (looking to the general tone of his recent letters to the *Times*, we cannot say certainly) not have invited a large company of distinguished naval and military officers to Erith on the 1st of June, and have behaved to them as if it were the 1st of April. Newspaper reports, confirmed by Mr. MAXIM's own statements, leave us in no doubt that this is what happened. Mr. MAXIM invited a large company to see him test a cuirass, which he asserted is better, lighter, and cheaper than Herr DÖWE's invention now on show at the Alhambra. He made some mention of guns to be shown, which were also worth looking at. When the company met it was shown a variety of things, but for a long time no cuirass. When one was produced in answer to emphatic calls, and tested successfully, Mr. MAXIM announced that it had been sold to the Alhambra, and that another must be used. This other, on being brought out, appeared to be quite a different thing. At this stage the company came to the conclusion that it was being trifled with, and very properly took the train back from Erith in that state of indignation natural to gentlemen who have been trapped into travelling twice in one day on the North Kent line, in order that an American inventor might play off a huge joke.

All this elaborate farce was played, if Mr. MAXIM is to be believed, in order to prove a very simple proposition. He maintains that a cuirass of prepared steel will do all Herr DÖWE's invention is capable of doing, and will at the same time be lighter. At the same weight, of course, it will protect a larger space. Mr. MAXIM had another object, which was to prove that Herr DÖWE's cuirass must needs contain a steel plate. From this position he has apparently withdrawn, and indeed it has been shown to be untenable by the tests to which the German invention has been subjected. We do not understand why he took it up, unless it was for the purpose of proving that Herr DÖWE is a mere impostor, which he has since asserted was not his intention. It would have been quite enough to show that a prepared steel plate has the chief merit of Herr DÖWE's cuirass, and the advantage of being lighter. This merit of lightness may fairly be set off against the necessarily rather limited flexibility of Herr DÖWE's invention. But this was probably too simple a course for the ingenuity of Mr. MAXIM. He preferred to play the laborious farce of Friday week, and to justify it by decidedly bumptious letters to the *Times*. The course he chose has certainly had the effect of making a great deal of noise and attracting a great deal of attention.

Sensible persons not unacquainted with the world will, we imagine, have come pretty generally to the conclusion that the advertising interests of inventors and music-halls have been carefully considered all through. They are legitimate, but not, we think, of vital importance. The experiments, whether at the Alhambra or at Erith, have had one ugly feature in common—namely, the marked disposition of many of the persons engaged to suspect others of cheating them. The intrinsic importance of all these experiments does not appear to us to be considerable. It has been shown that it is possible to invent a pad which will stop the bullets of our and the German regulation rifles, and that a prepared steel plate will do the same thing, and will weigh less. We observe that neither inventor seems to trust his cuirass to keep out a steel bullet, so that either a suit of armour made by Mr. MAXIM or a suit of clothes made by Herr DÖWE could be pierced, and we should be just where we are. A suit of clothes, too, of the German invention would be intolerably heavy, while for other purposes—shutters,

for instance—the greater lightness of steel gives it a marked advantage. The question how Herr Döwe's cuirass is made has, no doubt, a certain interest. We have his and Captain MARTIN's emphatic assurances that there is no iron or steel. But Mr. MOUL, the general manager of the Alhambra, denies that the pad has been said to consist wholly of fibrous material; and, by implication at least, allows that there is a metallic substance in it. Mr. MOUL, speaking for the Alhambra management, which "at present controls Herr Döwe's cuirass," will not hear of "entering it for competition with the Maxim-Nordenfolt Gun Company (Limited), with Mr. HIRAM MAXIM as their stage manager." The Alhambra is quite right to attend to its own business, which it may be trusted to understand.

HARCOURT ON "MARGINS."

IF the discussion of the Budget Bill in Committee of Ways and Means is not conducing to the greater credit of the measure, it is at any rate contributing almost daily to our knowledge of the intellectual processes of its author. It is scarcely too much to say that the debates which have taken place on his financial scheme must have led a good many people to revise their entire conception of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. That he was addicted to the oracular enunciation of large general principles in connexion very often with comparatively small matters was already known. By many a ponderous incursion into casual Parliamentary debate he had taught us as much as that; but we freely confess, for our own part, that we had always regarded these sallies of his as merely designed to serve the argumentative or rhetorical purpose of the moment. We had never for a moment supposed that the Parliamentary swashbuckler was deceived, like another DALGETTY, by his own pretensions to erudition—that the deft debater really took himself seriously as a thinker. Certainly we should have supposed that if, on any one of the nights when Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT happened to be playing the "heavy father" of the Constitution to the Radical gallery, he had been seriously tackled by a real constitutional lawyer, he would have made haste to escape under a cloud of chaff. And so, perhaps, he would have done; so perhaps he would even now do when his "great principles" of finance are assailed by competent financial critics, only that the opportunities of flight in this case are denied him. In the debate on a Budget Bill they tie a Chancellor of the Exchequer to the stake; he cannot fly; but, bear-like, he must fight the course. And, to do him justice, Sir WILLIAM fights it with a courage and tenacity—not to say a rampageousness—worthy of SACKERSON himself. In one at least of the debates of the past week it needed a spirited Master SLENDER to "take him by the chain."

This, however, is no revelation of character. It is usually safe to predict of the least known man that he will fight for his principles when circumstances forbid his running away from them; and we are all much too well acquainted with Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to be surprised at finding him do battle manfully for the imprudent proposition that the property of all deceased persons belongs to "the State," and that their heirs are only entitled to the residue after the State—meaning thereby the nominee of the "odd man" at the last election—has pouched as much of the dead citizen's goods as the odd man, or more often only his nominee, thinks it would be convenient to seize. Where the interest of mild surprise comes in is at the earlier stage of observation of the kind of propositions to which Sir WILLIAM commits himself, of his almost pathetic unconsciousness of their desperate crudity,

and of his unsuspecting readiness to insure their annihilation by the artless glosses which he is always willing, on request, to append to them. We have seen how his great doctrine of the State's "first claim" to the estates of deceased citizens has fared at the hands of his critics; but we doubt whether he has not surpassed even that great doctrine by his more recently enunciated "principle of margins." "The State," he said, "required a certain amount of money for the benefit of the community. From whom should it be taken? His principle was that it should be taken according to what had been called the 'equality of sacrifice,' or, as he, in his detestation of "false ideas," expressed in not "very good English," preferred to express it, "it should depend on the margin." Upon this Captain BETHELL, in the capacity of a seeker after truth, inquired, "What is that margin?" and thereupon the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER went cheerfully on to define the margin for taxation as that amount which a man possesses "in excess of the necessities for existence and comfort, and even of some of the luxuries of life."

It is a formula which deserves a place in every future manual of logic, as not only illustrating two well-known logical vices of definition in the same sentence, but as adding a third of its own. It is *ignotum per æque ignotum, et per ignotius, et per ignotissimum*. The vague expression "margin" is defined in terms of the equally vague expression "necessaries," and of the still vaguer expression "comforts," and finally of "luxuries," the vaguest of all. And by the aid of this precise and informing definition the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER feels convinced that he can so apportion taxation as to insure "equality of sacrifice." By the light of this precious pharos all is to be plain sailing. You have only to consider how much a man requires for the "necessaries" of life, to throw in a little more for "comfort," and yet a little more for "luxuries," and the remainder is "margin." There will be no difficulty in determining where necessities become comforts, and comforts pass into luxuries, and luxuries degenerate into wasteful and ridiculous excess. "Would that it were so!" must be the aspiration of many a County Court judge, this way and that dividing his swift mind between the creditor of an infant and the infant's father. But Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has no misgivings. He could measure you with ease the respective "margins" of DIOGENES and of ALCIBIADES, defining with equal accuracy the latter's legitimate expenditure in wine and roses and hetære, and the amount which the former might hold untaxed in excess of the cost of his staff and bowl and wallet, and a reserve fund for the repairs of his tub. Yet tradition says that the cynic philosopher threw away one of these articles as an unlawful luxury, on seeing a boy drink out of the hollow of his hand; and if Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's "principle of the margin" held water as well as the vessel, it is clear that DIOGENES had been unjustly escaping taxation on the value of that bowl.

THE ETON BOY IN LORD ROSEBERY.

THE success of Ladas will probably do Lord ROSEBERY some political service. Sir WILFRID LAWSON is only one of a large number of persons in his party who hold that horse-racing is as sinful as Mrs. NUBBLES feared plays might be, and who have received the news of his triumphs on the Turf with as much discomfiture as they would have done an announcement that he had become a shareholder in ALLSOPP or BASS. But with many of the working classes, who are thorough sportsmen according to their means and opportunities, to be the owner of Ladas will be a more powerful recommendation than to have offered office to Mr. JOHN BURNS. "The man as can form a ackerate

"judgment of a animal can form a ackerate judgment of anything," said the elder Mr. WELLER, when he proposed as referees on a legal question two gentlemen whose titles consisted in their being "the very best judges of a horse you ever know'd." The owner of Ladas is, from the nature of the case, competent to form an accurate judgment of Mr. JOHN BURNS. By the way, it is interesting to have the mystery of the name of that now celebrated quadruped cleared up. The Provost of Eton, honourably acknowledging his obligations to "the dictionary," has discovered a reference to LADAS in the thirteenth satire of JUVENAL. Following this clue to investigation, we are able to inform our readers, on the joint authority of PAUSANIAS and the late Sir WILLIAM SMITH, that LADAS was a celebrated runner from Laconia, who won the long race at Olympia, and expired soon after. *Absit omen!* Who put Lord ROSEBERRY, who speaks modestly both of his Latin and Greek, on the trace of the name, does not appear. It can scarcely have originated in the stables of Mentmore. Mr. GLADSTONE may have stood godfather. Probably the congratulations of the Provost partially compensated Lord ROSEBERRY for the remonstrances of the Secretary of the Anti-Gambling Society and others. At any rate, he contumaciously avows that he feels "no vestige of shame in possessing a good horse." His virtuous censors would allow the horse, if only Lord ROSEBERRY would keep him in the stables.

Lord ROSEBERRY appears to have regarded the Eton speeches on the Fourth of June as specially designed for his edification. The polyglot lessons which they contained were imperfectly conveyed to him through "a vague recollection of Latin, a fragmentary recollection of Greek, and an insufficiency of German," compensated by "a readiness in French," and, of course, familiarity with English. In the recitation from BURKE's "Reflections on the French Revolution," he saw a lecture addressed personally to himself. In the scene from ARISTOPHANES he more obscurely perceived an object lesson, in which we may assume the part of DEMOS was clear, though which of his colleagues he would cast for CLEON and which for the Sausage-seller he did not disclose. The thing which most puzzled him was the recitation, appropriately committed to JONES, K.S., of a poem by DAFYDD AP GWILYM, entitled "An Invitation to Summer," which does not seem as yet to have accepted the invitation, whether the summer be political or natural. Possibly this innovation was intended as a compliment to the Welsh section of Lord ROSEBERRY's supporters. But if JONES, K.S., instead of reciting in Welsh, had howled in Irish, the lesson, whatever it may have been, would have been as intelligibly conveyed. It may have been that a practical joke was intended. According to his gentleman usher, Cardinal WOLSEY, when on a mission to France, advised one RICE, a Welsh member of his suite, to reply in Welsh to speeches which might be addressed to him in French, so that the balance of embarrassment might be equal. JONES, K.S., was perhaps asserting the equal rights of the Welsh tongue and nationality under somewhat different conditions. It may have been some perception of Lord ROSEBERRY's disposition to make a personal application of what he heard that induced the Provost to restrict his reference to LADAS to the lines in JUVENAL. There are allusions to that celebrated athlete in MARTIAL. An epigram compares a writer who degrades grave subjects by frivolous intermixtures to a runner who should combine a wooden leg with the leg of LADAS. Another, asking why LADAS should be forced to run "per graciles vias petauri," adds:—

*Turpe est difficiles habere nugas,
Et stultus labor est ineptiarum.*

Lord ROSEBERRY may find matter for reflection in

these comparisons. We do not apply them very severely to his speech on the Fourth of June, which was that of an Eton boy among Eton boys. He expressed some wonder, which we share, that he was not treated by the youngsters as one of themselves. He may congratulate himself on having escaped the fate of Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH in *The New Boy*. It is the immortal schoolboy in Lord ROSEBERRY which explains some else unintelligible levities, among them the maladroitness of his disparagement of Harrow. Harrovians will understand that it was the Eton boy and not the PRIME MINISTER who spoke.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND CRISIS.

THE premier colony has an unparalleled faculty for getting into difficulties. We will not jump to the conclusion that there is anything in the character of the people of Newfoundland which makes them less capable than other colonists of living in peace with their neighbours and among themselves; or, if it is necessary to recognize that there is some defect of the kind, then we will put it down to the disastrous influence of the French shore. But, however much it may be the misfortune of the Newfoundlanders rather than their fault, the fact remains that they have been in more trouble, and the cause of more trouble, than all the other colonists put together within the last few years. Now a series of transactions which have been reported at intervals in the papers of late have apparently culminated in what looks like a crisis of the utmost gravity.

The Newfoundland Legislature has had recourse to the last argument of Parliaments, and has refused to vote the Supplies. The majority would have passed the money bills if the Governor, Sir TERENCE O'BRIEN, would have promised to dissolve the Assembly immediately; and it was upon his refusal that extreme measures were taken. On the 10th of this month the Revenue Bill now in force expires, and the Government will be left without resources. This is the serious constitutional crisis which Mr. GEORGE H. EMERSON, Speaker of the House of Assembly, reports in a brief letter to the *Times*. Other reports, from other sources, have already made us acquainted with the preliminary stages of the conflict. To these Mr. EMERSON did not think it necessary to refer, perhaps because he thought they were within the knowledge of everybody. We may, however, briefly note some of them. Since 1890 the franchise has been given to all males over twenty-one years of age in Newfoundland. At the last general election a majority of the most respectable proportions was secured by the party of which Sir WILLIAM WHITEWAY is leader. They carried twenty-four out of the thirty-six seats in the House of Assembly. Sir WILLIAM WHITEWAY, a politician with whom we made some acquaintance during the dispute with France, naturally took office. But, hereupon, no less than seventeen petitions were presented against his supporters, who, it was alleged, had corruptly secured the voice of the people by promises of money and of employment on the public works. The Newfoundlanders, perhaps because they are a young people, have not yet learnt the beauties of "Remedial Measures," and the advantage of hinting in general terms at the need for more inspectors. These petitions began to come before the Courts, and, in spite of alleged efforts on the part of Sir WILLIAM WHITEWAY to delay the judicial decisions, were decided against the members. No less than nine adverse judgments have been given. Sir WILLIAM advised a dissolution, and when Sir TERENCE O'BRIEN declined to agree, went into Opposition. Mr. WOODRIDGE, who succeeded, has the support of twelve

members only, which is not a sufficient number to form a quorum, and so Sir WILLIAM WHITEWAY has been able to stop business and refuse the Supplies. To make the picture complete, it is necessary to add that petitions were presented against all the members of the late Cabinet except one, and against the Speaker himself. A dissolution would stop proceedings and give all these incriminated politicians an apparently much-needed coat of whitewash.

Even the rather simple-minded gravity with which Mr. EMERSON talks of the profound indignation of the colonists at the unconstitutional course of Sir TERENCE cannot wholly constrain us to regard this astounding crisis with absolute solemnity. Nor do we think that the Speaker of the House of Assembly has been altogether well advised in appealing to public opinion in the Mother-country against the oppressive Governor, and the advice which he is understood to have received from the Imperial Government. There is a crudity about the methods of his friends, and a flaw in the position of Mr. EMERSON himself, which make it hard for the friends of freedom in the colonies to raise their voice against Sir TERENCE with much emphasis. At the same time, we acknowledge that the contention of Mr. EMERSON's party has some force. If it is true, as we dare say it is, that the colonists feel much indignation at the "unconstitutional" line taken by Sir TERENCE, it also follows that no indignation is felt against the use of corrupt methods by Sir WILLIAM WHITEWAY and his supporters. The voice of the people is in favour of corruption. When manhood suffrage is of that way of thinking, we really do not know who is to say it nay, on sound democratic principles. What is the Imperial Government? what is any Governor, that they should prevent the people from getting employment on the public works or money down for its vote? This appears to be the question which is being pointedly put by Sir WILLIAM WHITEWAY, and if Newfoundland is to be the arbiter of its own destiny, and its opinion is correctly reported by Mr. EMERSON, there would seem to be but one possible answer. The course of Government in that colony would be smoothed if the House of Assembly were to insist on taking the business of deciding on petitions into its own hands.

HONEST ANGLERS.

WE talk of "honest IZAAK," but was IZAAK, or were the old writers on angling, so very honest after all? Mr. R. B. MARSTON's work, *Walton and the Earlier Fishing Writers* (STOCK), revives a question which occurs as often as one looks into the volumes of these worthies. It would be hardly too much to say that most of them are literary poachers. WALTON himself, of course, stole his temper and style from no man, and he is not in the same field as the best of his rivals. CHRISTOPHER NORTH, CHARLES KINGSLEY, COLQUHOUN, STODDART, are all good men, but none comes near "the father of the rest." However, even IZAAK could throw a line over a neighbour's fence, and Mr. MARSTON shows that he hooked his illustrations, engravings of fish, out of GESNER's preserves. His engravings, Mr. MARSTON thinks, are in many cases reduced copies from GESNER. The very term "contemplative," applied to anglers, Mr. MARSTON traces from WALTON to a MS. by PIER'S FULHAM, in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge; the date is about 1420. PIER'S is described as "sum tyme ussher of Venus Schole"—whatever that may mean. He appears, under terms of fishing, to have discoursed of love. Mr. MARSTON, by the way, quotes the tale of Sir WILLIAM WALLACE's fishing adventure, when he killed three out of five Englishmen who wanted to take his fish. But we have not the English version of this incident. Probably

they said that WALLACE was using salmon roe. At all events, the English chronicler calls WALLACE *latro quidam*, and an angler who was a *latro* might at least be working with worm. Hence the justifiable remonstrances of the English, whom he butchered with his wonted ferocity, if, indeed, the real truth is not that he was fined forty shillings. Nobody, again, knows who wrote the treatise attributed to Dame JULIANA BERNERS, printed in 1486. But, clearly, it is not original; for even the author admits (with unwonted frankness) "I have compyled it." Mr. MARSTON admits that honest IZAAK reproduces the ancient "tips" published in 1486, and written nobody knows when, "almost word for word, and without acknowledgment." Of course he does, and the talk about "a jury of flies," twelve in number, he also reproduces, though THOMAS BARKER several years earlier is better instructed.

BARKER, with no style or learning, writes as a practical cook and angler; RICHARD FRANCK, too, the Cromwellian trooper, was a really good fisher for salmon with fly. From BARKER, WALTON borrowed, but acknowledged his debt in this case. FRANCK's book, though written soon after WALTON's, was printed very much later. FRANCK is such a stupid, conceited, diffuse scribbler that his practical remarks amount to very little. Even this residuum, however, is an excellent corrective of WALTON, who about fly-fishing for salmon knew nothing at all. "Dame JULIANA" says of fly-fishing for salmon that "it is seldom seen." But here she, if she be a she, is perhaps in error. It is unlikely that in Scotland, where FRANCK gained his knowledge, salmon flies were recent inventions. Had MONTROSE's wars not drawn the trooper northwards we should have no information on the subject. The honesty of LEONARD MASCALL (1590) is not a matter of doubt; he is a mere compiler, taking much from Dame JULIANA and other sources. DENNY'S, of the "Secrets of Angling," as he did not steal from "Dame JULIANA" on fly-fishing, says nothing about the artificial fly, and probably knew nothing, or little. He grumbles that fishing had come to be very bad in his time. What would he say to ours, with dynamite, netting, snigging, sewers, and manufacturing pollution? MARKHAM, or LAWSON for MARKHAM, turned DENNY'S poetry, with other materials, into prose. Still the same system of literary poaching was going on. BARKER, in *Barker's Delight* (1653 and 1657), was, as we said, really a fly-fisher, wrote from his own experience, and is, in a literary sense, the most honest of the fraternity. But he used salmon-roes. CHARLES COTTON, again, gave the advice which he had tested in practice. WILLIAM GILBERT, Gent., in *The Angler's Delight* (1676), has all the faults, and we are not certain that he has ever been reprinted. The Cromwellian VENABLES (1662), in his *Experienced Angler*, gives recipes for bait that are of a somewhat repulsive character. WALTON, though a Royalist, wrote to him with marked politeness, for angling should be superior to politics. Perhaps the most original of all fishing writers who drive at practice are Mr. STEWART, of the *Practical Angler*, and Mr. HALFORD, of dry-fly fame. But nobody can now poach like the fathers of this branch of literature.

THE NATIONAL REFORM UNION.

ONE set of operators engaged in flogging a dead horse looks so like another—especially when the horses are alike—that it is difficult, even if it is worth attempting, to distinguish between the two. Hence, for any difference which they present to our unskilled eye, the National Reform Union might just as well be the National Liberal Federation; or, conversely, if the

National Liberal Federation were to attempt to pass itself off as the National Reform Union, we fear that, for our own part, we should prove as easy victims of the imposture as the most credulous believers in the "Baronet of the British Kingdom." Still, we are, of course, quite ready to take it on the authority of the Radical press that fleas are not lobsters, bless their hearts! or, in other words, that the National Reform Union is not the National Liberal Federation. Further, we accept without hesitation the interesting statement of the principal Gladstonian organ, that the National Reform Union has had "an existence of thirty years," and is in a position to reverse the boast of another, and (may we say?) a more famous body of performers, in that hitherto it has always (instead of never) "performed out of London." We welcome it to the metropolis, and we trust that its members will forgive us for saying that its visit does not appear to be wholly unneeded for the acquisition of some of those advantages which only capital cities have it in their power to bestow. For the politics of the National Reform Union and its political methods are, to put our meaning with all possible consideration for its feelings, not exactly "of the centre."

It is true that the Conference at the Westminster Town Hall did not disdain the aid of metropolitan talent. Among the gentlemen who were solicited to move the various resolutions, or who supported the movers by their presence on the platform, were included not a few Radical M.P.'s who "seem to be pillars." There was Mr. LABOUCHERE, and Sir CHARLES DILKE, and Sir WILFRID LAWSON, and Mr. HALLEY STEWART, and Mr. W. P. BYLES (same who "scored off" the Tipperary police). But, of course, it was not really *their* "show." Not Sir CHARLES DILKE's, but Mr. JAMES WARD's (Northampton) who spoke to Sir CHARLES's resolution; not Mr. KEARLEY's or Mr. JACOBY's, with their Labour motion, but Mr. EVERETT's (Kennington), Mr. WIDDAM's (Fleetwood), Mr. ASHLEY's (Devon), who supported that resolution—it was their outing, in reality; the outing of those undeservedly obscure provincial delegates—and the programme had, no doubt, to be arranged with a view to providing as many subjects for the display of their ability as possible. Hence a certain rustic profusion of dishes in the oratorical *menu*, and a greater care for quantity than for quality in the fare. There was a lack of discrimination about our worthy visitors, by which Mr. LABOUCHERE and other old hands were enabled to profit; and which was most plainly evidenced, perhaps, in the innocence of their apparent belief that the "House of Lords question" is "urgent," and deserved accordingly to be put foremost in the proceedings of the Conference. There is always something repugnant to good feeling in the practical jokes played off by the less scrupulous Londoner upon the "country cousin"; and it was a little too bad of Mr. LABOUCHERE, who knows full well that the popular mind in the metropolis regards the abortive agitation against the House of Lords with amused indifference, to endeavour to persuade these unfortunate provincial politicians that they have come among a community simply panting to be led to the attack on "hereditary legislators." It is an application of the confidence trick to politics which cannot be too severely condemned.

It is worth while to examine the programme of these united reformers a little more closely; because, making all possible allowance for the necessity of giving local talent a show on the London boards, we really think that this might have been done at a less cost to the Union in the way of provocation offered to the gibes of the light-minded. In the course of one brief afternoon the assembled delegates recorded their opinion that the House of Lords should be abolished, and that the

Government should "during the present Session" bring in a Bill or resolution enabling one branch of the Legislature, "by simple resolution," to overrule the other; that there should be no property or residential qualification for the franchise; that no voter should be registered in or vote for more than one constituency; that the cost of election should be defrayed by the constituencies; that members of Parliament should be paid; that the State should limit the hours of labour; extend the principle of employers' liability, and provide pensions for the aged poor; that the local veto principle should be applied to the liquor trade; that Parliamentary procedure should be remodelled; that Home Rule should be conceded to Ireland; that the Government of the metropolis should be "unified" by the inclusion of the City of London; and that a whole string of metropolitan reforms should be adopted; that all State Churches should be disestablished and disendowed; that no further grants should be made to any members of the Royal Family out of the public funds; that the principles of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's Budget should be permanently established and expanded in the future taxation of the country; that all land should be taxed on its capital value, whether for agricultural or for building purposes; and that all mine rents, mineral royalties, and way leaves should be abolished.

We do not guarantee the exhaustiveness of this list, which has been more or less cursorily summarized from a review of the resolutions—no fewer than ten in number—which were adopted at the Conference. But one cannot survey even this summary of them without being irresistibly reminded of one of the most humorous of DICKENS's creations—the lady who, in the words of her admiring husband, was accustomed "to form and express a vast variety of opinions" "on a vast variety of subjects." The National Reform Union seems to be the Mrs. WITTTERLY of politics.

In all seriousness there have been few stranger political phenomena in our time than that which is offered to our inspection by the present posture and behaviour of the Radical party. They have always been very slow—much slower than their adversaries, whose resistance to political changes is, of course, largely due to superior foresight—to recognize the signs of the times; and it has not yet dawned upon them that the political "cries" of a generation ago say simply nothing to the electorate of to-day. They go on repeating the old Radical watchwords without apparently the faintest inkling of a suspicion that they have utterly lost all their former power of stirring the passions of the people. In all the absurdly long array of "questions" which we have just set forth there is but one in which the "democracy" feel the slightest interest, and their interest in that by no means creates any special bond of sympathy between them and the Radical party. So far as they concern themselves at all with politics, they do so in the hope of obtaining some material advantages for themselves; and they have sufficiently learnt the lesson which the Irish have for the last dozen years been teaching them to have come to the conclusion that their best policy is, not to addict themselves formally to either party, but to use both. From both of them in these days they hear precisely the same professions of zeal in the "social cause"—of desire to "ameliorate the lot of the people"; and we suspect that, of the two, it is upon the Radicals, as the party which has enjoyed and has neglected more opportunities for promoting the cause in question, that they are disposed to look with the greater distrust. Moreover, they can hardly fail to perceive that the Radicals, embarrassed and preoccupied as they are with pledges to promote all sorts of political fads in which the working-class elector as such has no sort of concern, have far less leisure and less freedom

of action for the pursuit of those objects in which he is interested.

And of one thing we may be certain—that for nine-tenths of that legislative programme to which these belated politicians cling with such pathetic fidelity they do not care two straws. The Lords have never stood in the way of any legislation which they desire—for they have evidently seen through the fraudulent charge preferred against the Upper House in connexion with the Employers' Liability Bill; and the notion that they are capable of feeling an abstract enthusiasm in a Single Chamber system, or a theoretical repugnance to hereditary privilege, is purely ludicrous. The antipathy to Ecclesiastical Establishment is confined almost entirely to the "lower middles." It never had much hold upon the working-men, and in these days of the Church's activity among the poorer classes it has less than ever. As to those perpetual tinkering with the electoral machine, which seem to form the sole conception of politics for so many Radicals, they do not in the least interest the mass of the popular electorate. They are shrewd enough to perceive that these manipulations of the representative system are mere moves in the party game—or, rather, mere attempts on the part of one player to alter its rules to his own advantage. On extensions of the suffrage, as such, they are nowise keen—the enfranchised citizens in any community never are—and to every one, indeed, save Radical doctrinaires, it must be evident that, with every widening of the franchise, you progressively diminish the effective impulse towards further electoral reform. In a word, the whole, or almost the whole, programme of these Radical Leagues and Unions and Federations is ridiculously out of date; and, in their blind adhesion to it, they once more illustrate the common affinity, as regards enslavement to antiquated superstitions, between the "emancipated" politician and his counterpart in the religious world.

THE CAB STRIKE.

IT seems highly probable that Mr. ASQUITH will not have the good fortune enjoyed by Lord ROSEBURY when he was asked to step in for the purpose of settling the coal strike. On that occasion both sides were tired, and were thoroughly prepared for at least a temporary arrangement. But in the Cab Strike, so called, there are no signs of any such disposition. The owners are apparently convinced that they cannot agree to let out their cabs on the terms demanded by the drivers of the Union. The men are still determined to take no less. In these circumstances it will not be easy to bring about an arrangement. Mr. ASQUITH has himself had occasion to remark that the statement made on behalf of the Union has more the appearance of a declaration of war than an offer of conciliation. The fact seems to be that the longer the dispute lasts the clearer does it become to all concerned that the real cause of the whole difficulty is one which cannot be removed by conciliation. There are too many cabs competing for a diminishing amount of business. The remedy is a reduction in the number. Unfortunately there are various signs that it will be applied in the least convenient way for the public. The comparatively wealthy owners, who own the best cabs and horses, are precisely those who can best afford to cut their losses, and take their capital elsewhere. The poor owners, whose cabs are bad and whose horses are screws, must keep to the business. It seems, therefore, not improbable that in this struggle for life the most fit to survive will not be the most fit to carry passengers. The process is already beginning, and will almost certainly go on. It must not be forgotten that those who have good horses and large yards

are the best able to turn their attention to the extension of the omnibus business.

Mr. BIRON, in deciding a case in the Lambeth Police Court on Thursday, called attention to one feature of this strike—to give it that name for want of a better—which has not hitherto received attention. He had to inflict a fine on two men who had unquestionably been guilty of intimidation of the usual rowdy Union order, and he took occasion to point out that "the law with regard to this matter had not been properly understood." It has been taken for granted that the cabdrivers are in the same position as workmen on strike in regard to the right to picket. According to Mr. BIRON, this is not the case. The Conspiracy Act only declared that workmen out on strike were not guilty of conspiracy if they combined together to persuade other workmen not to serve the employer against whom they themselves were striking. The Cabdrivers' Union, and many other people, have taken it for granted that the drivers are in the position of workmen as far at least as picketing is concerned. But, as Mr. BIRON says, they are not workmen at all. They are the customers of the cabowners, and they happen to be dissatisfied with the price which those tradesmen charge for the hire of their goods. That being so, they have no more right to picket than the customers of a tailor or hatter, who refused to lower his prices, would have to stand in front of his shop-door and endeavour to induce other customers not to buy his goods at the old prices. On the part of such persons this would be conspiracy. Their picketing would be "just as illegal as before the statute was passed," to quote Mr. BIRON's words. Now if the cabdrivers who have quarrelled with the cabowners are not in the position of workmen, they are manifestly not covered by the statute. But there is no question as to this statute. They stand in a wholly different relation to the owners than that of workman to employer. It would seem, therefore, that, if Mr. BIRON is right, any cabowner whose yard is infested by pickets is entitled to proceed against them for conspiracy. Recent experience has made all capitalists, big and little, who are attacked by a Union so timid that it is possible the cabowners may shrink from using their right. But it is something to have secured even a magistrate's opinion that there is not in this country an absolute right to picket. It would be a very sensible action on the part of some cabowner to bring the matter to the test. Picketing has become such a nuisance, and such an instrument of extortion and intimidation, that anything which tended to restrain it would be a gain.

SIMULTANEOUS EXAMINATIONS.

BEFORE Lord Kimberley left the Indian for the Foreign Office he requested Lord Lansdowne to inform him "in what mode and under what conditions and limitations" the Resolution of the House of Commons, ruling that competitive examinations for the Indian Civil Services should be held simultaneously both in India and in England, could be best carried into effect. And Lord Lansdowne backed by his whole Council, and by Governors, Lieutenant-Governors, and Chief Commissioners, have replied, politely but emphatically, that this thing cannot be done. Lord Kimberley, with sound judgment, in conveying the Resolution to the Viceroy, added that he did not wish to fetter in any way the opinion of the Indian Government on this all-important question, and evidently courted the fullest and freest discussion. The result of this invitation is before us in a Blue Book of one hundred and ten pages, containing the opinions of the highest and most experienced of Anglo-Indian authorities on a problem which really goes down to the very foundations of our rule in India, and opens out a policy as wide and perilous as Home

Rule itself. To judge from the tone of the discussion in the House of Commons, it would appear that some members voted in the belief that they were asking the Indian Secretary to concede something as simple and natural as the hire of boats on the Serpentine by pleasure-seekers on Sundays, or the closing of gates of the Parks at one in the morning instead of at midnight. Not in this jaunty spirit has the discussion been conducted in India, and several of the authorities have given Parliament a bit of their mind in a fashion which recalls the days when English statesmen of the highest type acted first and penned despatches afterwards, or framed laws and introduced measures which Directors and Cabinets in England had only to accept and endorse, in bewilderment, or helplessness, or admiration.

All the contributors to this valuable State document express their readiness to employ natives of character and ability in responsible offices, as far as this can be done with prudence, and consistently with an efficient and equitable administration, and with the "strength and stability of British rule." But, with the exception of Lord Wenlock and the majority of his Councillors at Madras, they utter no uncertain sound. It is assumed throughout the discussion that the Civil Service must always contain an adequate number of Englishmen or, in Anglo-Indian phraseology, of Europeans as distinguished from Hindus, Muhammadans, and Buddhists; and this being conceded, as it has been even by advanced speakers in the House, it follows incontestably that the Indian Civil Service must have a fixed minimum of one class and a fixed maximum of the other. The proportion of natives under this rule has been variously put at fifteen and eighteen per cent. Lord Lansdowne and his Councillors and advisers maintain that for the present, and for the immediate future, one-sixth of the Civil Service appointments may be open to natives, but that the remaining five-sixths must be filled by Englishmen, Scotchmen, or Irishmen. The reasons for this limitation may be summed up as follows, and they deserve the most serious consideration by all who do not look on India as a field on which they may try their prentice hands with all the confidence and the contempt for precedent and tradition engendered by ignorance and conceit. In the first place, it is a mistake to suppose that in districts and Provinces which have been under our civilizing and guiding hands for forty, sixty, and one hundred years, everything is quite smooth, and that every one is imbued with the wholesome principles of law and order. Writers with fluent pens who have dreamed about an "Indian nation," a congress of "representatives of all classes," loyal, obedient, and fitted for self-government, have in the last year or two been rudely awakened and shocked. Religious animosities, faction fights, violent outrages, cruel reprisals, have necessitated the severest measures of repression, not only in jungly and uncivilized localities, but at headquarters, in Presidency towns, lit with gas and provided with good water, in the vicinity of Law courts, disciplined police, printing presses, and all the resources of civilization. Then we have to reckon with the warlike and the predatory classes, some ready to fight and others to loot, when this can be done with impunity and with any chance of success. Eminent administrators, balancing the respective claims of Englishmen and natives to executive office in seasons of peril, are driven to the conclusion that it is wholly impossible to regard Hindus and Muhammadans as the equals of Englishmen for emergencies which may arise without the least warning in any part of the Empire; from Waghers in the West, from Looshais in the East, from Moplahs in the South, from Wahabis in the North, and from Ryots and agriculturists anywhere. In all such contingencies it is impossible to give implicit credit to the native magistrate for judgment, energy, and absolute impartiality. It may be pleaded that a native has means of ascertaining the wishes, feelings, and prejudices of his countrymen or his co-religionists which an Englishman has not. This may be true to some extent, but then the native is hampered by the restrictions of caste, by the seductions of friendship, and by dislike and jealousy of opponents. An Englishman incontestably is the stronger character, and when native passions are excited about rent, revenue, mosques or idols, religious processions, the car of Jagannath, the martyrdom of Hassan and Hossain, he simply maintains order without showing the least tenderness to the low-caste Hindu who has just killed a pig in front of a mosque, or to a Muhammadan who has hurled the shin-bone of an ox at the head of

an unoffending Brahman. The Lieutenant-Governor of the Panjab aptly quotes a case where a Muhammadan, sent out to settle a dispute about a cow in the Delhi division, tried to get men of his own creed to yield on the subject of cows, if the Hindus would only make some slight concessions as to pigs, and ended by getting up a second and very pretty quarrel. An Englishman of standing sufficient to be deputed on such an errand would never have attempted such a compromise. And it is the experience of many generations of Anglo-Indians that if there is a long-standing quarrel out of Court, or a complicated piece of litigation in it, a boundary to be settled, a landed estate to be divided amongst contentious shareholders, an adjustment of local burdens and responsibilities to be effected, the one paramount object of artisan, Ryot, merchant, or Talukdar, is to have the decision left with the independent, resolute, and impartial foreigner. On this special head of "the foreigner" we find some other pertinent remarks. Foreign rule is no novelty in India. The great mass of the people have been, for some six hundred years, under some alien rule or other. The idea of taking any share in the government of the country or obtaining any political privilege or supremacy has never entered the heads of two hundred millions of men. If we keep our taxes low, maintain order, and prevent the strong man from oppressing his weak brother—and, we ourselves should add, leave land and religion as far as possible unmolested and untouched—we need not fear the general rising lately predicted by a weekly contemporary. Nor will it do, says one administrator, to contrast the manners of the isolated, downright, and domineering Englishman with the smooth, supple, and fair-spoken native official, to the obvious disadvantage of the former. The ordinary native has been accustomed to a strong hand over him and he worships force. A Hindu or Muhammadan dressed in authority and away from supervision often makes himself extremely unpleasant to his fellow-countrymen of a different creed or caste.

All this, however, it may be replied, does not dispose of the practical question of simultaneous examinations. We want to know why literary tests of capacity cannot be applied in Calcutta and Bombay as they have been, when natives are concerned, in England. It strikes us that strong opinions as to the impolicy of at all reducing the number of Englishmen and increasing that of educated natives in the Civil Service may have led Governors and Lieutenant-governors to pass somewhat lightly over the departmental difficulties of making two entrances into one institution, and letting in, *postico*, the candidates who ought to be *atria servantes*. But there is quite enough of suggested difficulties in this Blue Book to excite dismay in any board of professors, pedants, or pundits who might be invited to say how a similar test can at the same moment be applied to men in Cannon Row, in the Town-Halls of Bombay and Calcutta, or, say, the Montgomery Hall at Lahore, without causing discontent, and with a due appraisement of the merits and fitness of the respective examinees. In the first place, supposing the various tests in the classical and the Oriental languages, in English literature, in sciences, moral philosophy, &c., to be the same everywhere, how are competent examiners to be found in India? Whence are the schools and the experienced crammers to arise? How is relative proficiency to be gauged? Who is to say whether the exhibitioner from Rugby and the scholar of Balliol or New College is to be put above Ramnath Bose or Ram Chandra Mukarji from the Hindu College, and Moulavi Hafiz Ulla from the Madressa? Are examinations to be held simultaneously in the three Presidencies and at divers important stations, or only in Calcutta? These and other perplexing matters of detail would have to be settled and in all probability would, if apparently disposed of, be succeeded by a fresh crop. Other objections are by no means trivial. At University and local examinations, and tests applied to the subordinate Indian Service, papers have repeatedly been surreptitiously obtained and sold to candidates. The prospect of higher prizes would lead to greater temptations and more successful frauds. And, after all, as only one-sixth of the native element can be let into the Service, are we to revolutionize our whole competitive system, and multiply checks and safeguards in every direction, merely to enable half a dozen natives to write the magic C.S. after their names without leaving their own country? Stress has been justly laid on temporary residence in England, because the Hindu who

crosses the dark water and loses caste for a time, has, at any rate, shown some strength of character to back up his literary capacity. It has been gravely suggested that native candidates passing into the Civil Service in India might be required to spend a year or two in England afterwards, and so pick up correct ideas about English parties and manners. It is obvious that natives who compete for the Civil Service or study law or medicine in London in the hope of succeeding, must practise temperance, avoid extravagance, and act, in short, as young Englishmen do in like circumstances. But what are to be the restraining or stimulating motives of a young Hindu who, having won his prize in India, comes to England afterwards, to be patronized or snubbed? And who, we should like to know, is to pay the expense of this pleasure trip?

One very strong argument against any simultaneous examinations might have been discovered before one single line of this Blue Book was penned. It was in existence when the question was asked in the House. Some eight years ago, in order to inquire into and, if possible, satisfy "the aspirations" of natives and their claim to higher posts, we had in India what is now known as the Public Service Commission. This was a very strong, a very well-chosen, and a thoroughly representative body, composed of six Englishmen, six natives (four Hindus and two Muhammadans), and two Eurasian gentlemen; and its President was Sir Charles Aitchison, himself a Competitioner, who had been Member of the Supreme Council, and then Lieutenant-Governor of the Panjab. This Commission held sittings in various provinces, invited written opinions, examined a large number of witnesses, discussed the subject in every possible light and with reference to the claims of all parties, and in the end its recommendations were accepted by the Government of India with some not very important modifications. The result was that a new body styled the Provincial Civil Service was constituted; that no less than ninety-three offices, hitherto reserved exclusively for Covenanted Civil Servants, were thrown open to members of this Provincial Service; that modifications of a Statute of 1870, which had not worked as well as expected, were made in favour of the native element; that Lord Lytton's scheme, whereby young natives of good family and social position were selected for the public service, was amended, and the power of selection and promotion in such cases was reserved to the Executive Government; and finally, that this very scheme of simultaneous examinations in India and England was taken up, sifted, criticized and, with a feeble protest from one or two of the native members of the Commission, put quite outside the range of practical politics. And now, when the ink of these generous concessions is hardly dry, we are to have a raw, ill-considered, impracticable proposal forced down the throats of experts who have made India and its races the study of their lives.

One or two other considerations were doubtless present to the minds of the authorities in India, though in the abundance of other sound arguments, we do not find them in the Blue Book. Ever since the Government of India has been carried on by the Crown, a vast impulse has been given to mercantile enterprise, and to what is termed the "development of natural resources" by English capital. Railways cover the land. Factories are so numerous as to suggest the necessity for special legislation. Englishmen have been invited to invest their money in all kinds of commercial adventures in the interior of the country—irrigation, mines, cotton, silk, tea, and so on. Most surely these enterprising pioneers have risked their capital in these various directions only on the guarantee, express or implied, that the Executive Government of the country will, in the main, be administered by men of their own race. Opening the doors wide to native students means the promiscuous admission of Bengalis; and to place the astute and quick-witted native of the Lower Ganges over warlike Sikhs, Rajputs, Pathans, and Jats, none of whom would have the least chance in a literary tournament, would be like placing the contemporaries of Coriolanus or of Cato the Censor under the Greeks of the Lower Empire. Sir C. Crosthwaite, Lieut.-Governor of the N.W. Provinces, says pithily that what is desired by some natives is "that the British Power should hold the country while they administer it." And Sir D. Fitzpatrick, from the Panjab, caps this by saying that "we cannot establish simultaneous examinations for the Army or the Civil Service all over the world. All we can do is to set up our testing apparatus

in a central position." Neither of these gentlemen is a nominee of the Court of Directors. Both are Competitors who, by their merit, experience, and character, have risen to the very top of the service. It is satisfactory to know that instead of trying to rule India by aimless talk and silly sentiment, they know how to combine what is safe and politic in progress with what is sound and conservative in tradition, and are following, not blindly but intelligently, in the track of Munro, of Elphinstone, and of Lawrence.

THE DERBY.

THE history of the late Derby may be said to have begun at the Epsom Summer Meeting, a year ago, when Lord Rosebery's colt by Hampton out of Illuminata, afterwards named Ladas, with 10 to 1 laid against him, won the Woodcote Stakes by a length and a half from Mecca, the third in the race being Glare, upon whom 3 to 1 had been laid. His subsequent successes in the Coventry Stakes at Ascot, the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, and the Middle Park Plate at Newmarket require no comment here. After the Ascot Meeting 6 to 1 would have been taken about him for the Derby, and after the Doncaster September Meeting as little as 4 to 1 was actually laid against him. On the 6th of October Lord Alington's Matchbox, who had only run third to Delphos in July, when receiving 6 lbs. and sex from Glare, the second in the race, won the Kempton Park Great Breeders' Produce Stakes of 4,310*l.* by a neck from Lord Durham's Son o' Mine, and later in the same month he won the Criterion Stakes easily from Brisk (the subsequent winner of the French Oaks), when giving her 12 lbs., as well as the Dewhurst Plate by four lengths from Jocasta, who had run second to Ladas for the Middle Park Plate. The betting on the Derby then settled down as follows:—5 to 2 against Ladas, 5 to 1 Matchbox, 8 to 1 Son o' Mine, and 10 to 1 the Duke of Westminster's Bullingdon, who, after running second to Ladas at Ascot, had won the Ham Stakes from St. Florian and Jocasta at Goodwood, and the Prince of Wales's Stakes from Glare at Goodwood. Later on, however, Glare had reversed this running. In November Ladas was not quite such a strong favourite, 100 to 30 being laid against him, while Matchbox was backed at 4 to 1, and Arcano, who had won four races and lost two, was introduced into the betting at 100 to 7. In January as little as 20 to 1 was all that was offered against Sir J. B. Maple's Grand Hampton, a colt that had never run in public; in February Lord Bradford's Hornbeam was backed at 50 to 1; in March 25 to 1 was laid against St. Florian, and Galloping Dick came into the betting at 50 to 1 in April. Considering the enlargement it caused to one of his hocks, it is curious that the accident which befell Ladas in February should have affected his position in the Derby betting so little. In April Reminder was backed at 20 to 1, after he had won the Column Produce Stakes at the Newmarket Craven Meeting. This colt had won the valuable Rous Memorial Stakes from Jocasta last year at Goodwood, and he was the only unbeaten colt except Ladas that started for the Derby. On the 27th of April only 2 to 1 was laid against Ladas, and 10 to 3 against Matchbox, and a few days earlier both Matchbox and Ladas were equal favourites for the Two Thousand at 6 to 4. In April Son o' Mine, who had been a firm third favourite for the Derby for six months, became shaky, and on or about the 8th of May he was scratched on account of lameness.

When Ladas had beaten Matchbox for the Two Thousand the chances for the Derby were thus calculated—13 to 8 on Ladas and 5 to 1 against Matchbox. After Ladas had given St. Florian and Glare a decisive beating for the Newmarket Stakes, 2 to 1 was laid on him for the Derby, and Matchbox went down a little further in the betting. On the other hand, a day or two later, Sir W. Throckmorton's Arcano, who had been amiss early in the spring, began to rise in the betting until he reached 8½ to 1. After winning the Payne Stakes at the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, Lord Cadogan's Stowmarket, against whom 66 to 1 had been offered in vain a fortnight earlier, was backed at 12½ to 1. We now come to the Monday of the week preceding the Derby—one of the most eventful days in the history of the race. On that day Bullingdon was tried with Grey Leg, the winner of the City and Suburban Handicap, and beat him, it was said, easily; but at what

weights was not publicly announced. On the previous Saturday 12 to 1 had been laid against him for the Derby: the day after his trial he advanced to 7 to 1. On the same Monday Arcano was tried with Avington, the winner of the Jubilee Stakes, and well beaten; the next day he was scratched for the Derby. Also on that Monday Stowmarket met with an accident, in consequence of which he was scratched for the Derby on the following Thursday.

Seven days before the Derby Mr. Weatherby as usual published the Free Handicap, which serves as a sort of official prophecy upon that race. He made Ladas give 6 lbs. to Matchbox, Matchbox 3 lbs. to Bullington, Bullington 5 lbs. to Reminder, and Reminder 4 lbs. to Hornbeam and Galloping Dick, which was much the same as foretelling that Ladas would win by rather more than a length from Matchbox; that Bullington would be third, half a length or more behind Matchbox; and that, in all probability, Reminder would be fourth. The very afternoon before the race Mr. Chaplin gave his Derby "tip" in a speech in the House of Commons, recommending Ladas and Ladas only.

Ladas was the strongest favourite that ever started for a Derby, and many people, who usually put a trifle on the favourite, preferred not to bet rather than to lay 9 to 2. The little field got off at the first attempt, and Matchbox and Bullington made the running at a slow pace to the top of the hill. In descending it, Bullington ran very badly, and practically fell out of the race. Soon after crossing the road Ladas went up to Matchbox, and half way up the straight he was going with such ease and freedom that he seemed to be about to win in a canter. This, however, was not to be the case. Mornington Cannon had appeared to be riding Matchbox pretty hard for some distance, but the horse had not then made his supreme effort, and, when he was thoroughly aroused, he increased his pace so quickly that Watts also had to begin to ride on the favourite. A pretty sharp struggle then followed between the pair, and it was not until they were opposite the bell that Ladas got on equal terms with Matchbox; immediately afterwards he gained upon his antagonist, and, increasing his advantage at every stride, he won by a length and a half—gallantly, indeed, but perhaps not quite so easily as in the Two Thousand.

So Lord Rosebery, after once running second and twice third, has at last won the Derby; and few Derby victories have been as popular. Ladas has now won for him 17,933*l.* in stakes alone; and a couple of races worth 10,000*l.* each, as well as the St. Leger, are open to him within the next three months or thereabouts. At the stud, too, such a horse should prove a fortune. Nevertheless, he is by no means the first racehorse that his owner has possessed; and whether, judging solely from his personal experiences, the Premier would recommend young gentlemen of means to endeavour to increase their incomes by faithfully following in his footsteps on the Turf, we are not in a position to state.

We have to look back ninety-one years to find a field for the Derby as small as that of Wednesday last. It is true that nearly fifty Derbies had been run before the field reached twenty, in 1827; but during the following fifty years it was exceptional for the fields to fall below that number, and ten times they reached or exceeded thirty. From 1856 to 1867 was the era of the largest fields for the Derby, and Hermit's was the last for which thirty horses started. The year 1879 was the latest in which there were as many as twenty competitors. On the whole, the Derby fields have been larger than those of most other weight-for-ages; the St. Leger fields have only once reached thirty, and twenty horses have never started for a Two Thousand. Certainly the new conditions of the Derby have not had the effect of increasing the number of starters.

The Austrian Derby was chiefly remarkable for a curious accident. About a mile from home one horse fell, and five others which were immediately following him came down, one upon the top of the other. Some of the jockeys were hurt, but their injuries were slighter than might have been expected. The French Derby took place on Sunday last. M. Ephrussi's *Gospodar*, who started at 16 to 1, won easily amidst an uproar of wrathful exclamations, nor can it be denied that his form had been in-and-out. On the whole, we order these matters better in England.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE price of wheat, which has so long been unprecedentedly low, has fallen further since Whitsuntide. The average price of home-grown wheat in the principal markets of England and Wales was 26*s.* 2*d.* for the month of January, 25*s.* 3*d.* for February, 25*s.* 4*d.* for March, 24*s.* 8*d.* for April, and 24*s.* 7*d.* for May. But last week the average fell again to no more than 23*s.* 11*d.* per quarter. And in London the fall during the past few weeks has been even greater than in the country markets. For example, Argentine wheat was sold in London last week at 18*s.* per quarter—a price which clearly cannot have covered the cost of growing and of carriage. The New York price at the beginning of this week was 19*s.* a quarter; in Chicago it was only 18*s.*, and in other Western markets it was lower still. Everywhere, indeed—in Russia, India, and Australia—there are complaints that present prices are so ruinously low that it no longer pays to grow wheat. It is said that in consequence much land is being diverted from cereal cultivation to other purposes; and where there is not a market for other kinds of produce, it is asserted that land is actually going out of cultivation in some of the newer countries. It has been stated in the City, for example, on the authority of the reports of bankers and merchants, that even within a hundred miles of the seacoast it does not pay to cultivate wheat in many parts of Australia, and that land at that distance is consequently going out of cultivation. In the long run this must necessarily bring about its own cure. All the newer countries of the world have for a long time past been growing cereals for the markets of Western Europe. The supply has increased so rapidly that, great as is the demand in Western Europe, it has not been able to keep up with the supply, and consequently prices have fallen in this unheard-of manner. If the newer countries turn their attention to other kinds of culture, and to the production of other kinds of produce than cereals, the supply of the latter will fall off and prices will recover. But it is not probable that the falling off will be very great for a long time to come; and in the interest of consumers it certainly is not desirable that it should. The cultivators of the newer countries, we must always remember, are peasant farmers. They grow only a portion for sale; the larger part is grown for the support of their own families. Where the peasant farmer has not a heavy mortgage on his farm, whatever he can dispose of is, therefore, clear profit. He must grow a certain quantity to feed his family; the surplus adds hardly anything to the cost of production, and consequently is clear profit to him. It is likely, therefore, whatever the reports may be that reach London, that the area under cultivation will be large enough for a long time to come not to admit of a material rise in prices. But that there is some decrease can hardly be doubted, and that, therefore, there will be some falling off in the supply in the early future, and probably in consequence some recovery in prices, is also clear. At the present moment, however, a fall in prices seems more likely than a rise. There is an immense quantity of wheat on the way from the great exporting countries, and already the stocks in this country are very large. Even, therefore, if the producing countries should refuse to sell much more at present prices, the probability is that for some weeks to come the large new arrivals will send prices somewhat lower. And this is all the more likely because the prospects for the coming harvest are reported to be exceedingly good all over the Continent. At home there are complaints of damage done by the cold frosty nights of May. But, on the other hand, there has been an abundant rainfall, and it is quite possible, therefore, that, although the harvest will be later by perhaps a couple of weeks than it promised to be at the beginning of May, it will be by no means under average. It is, of course, too early yet to form any definite opinion. We are speaking only of present prospects; and they point to so good a harvest, taking the whole world together, that a recovery in prices seems very unlikely and a further fall not at all improbable.

The inflow of gold from abroad continues on as great a scale as ever, and is likely to continue for a considerable time to come. During the week ended Wednesday night the Bank of England received almost a million, raising its stock of the metal more than 1½ million above any amount previously held; and as very large sums are on the way from the Far East, Australia, South Africa, and America, it

is certain that the accumulation in the Bank will go on for a considerable time yet. In consequence, the rate of interest for short loans is only about $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and the rate of discount in the open market for three months' Bank bills is less than $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. A meeting was held, on Thursday, of representatives of the principal joint-stock banks to consider whether it would not be advisable, under the circumstances, to lower the rate they allow on deposits; but nothing resulted because of the opposition of the London and Westminster and two other banks. Sooner or later this extraordinary abundance of money must lead to a revival of enterprise; but for the moment there is too much distrust to allow of that. Particularly the depletion of the reserve of the United States Treasury is causing grave apprehension. The Treasury now holds less than 14 millions sterling, and it seems clear that it will have to borrow a large amount very soon, or that alarm will spring up lest the Treasury may be unable to fulfil its obligations.

The India Council has been again fairly successful this week in the disposal of its drafts. On Wednesday it offered for tender 50 lakhs, and sold about 49 lakhs at prices ranging from 1s. $0\frac{3}{4}$ d. up to 1s. $1\frac{3}{4}$ d. per rupee. The prices obtained were satisfactory, considering all the circumstances; but the amounts applied for were rather less than those offered, showing that the demand for remittance to India has greatly fallen off. Next week the Council will offer for tender only 45 lakhs. The price of silver is fluctuating about 28 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ounce. Up to the present there has been no revival of the demand for India, and the Chinese demand is less strong than it was.

The extraordinary cheapness and abundance of money have not yet stimulated business on the Stock Exchange. The investing public is confining its purchases to the very best securities, all of which continue extraordinarily high in price. But everything at all speculative is neglected. This is mainly due to the apprehensions excited by the very unsatisfactory condition of the United States. We have referred above to the dangerous state of the Treasury, and to the difficulties which may arise at any moment. Trade, moreover, is greatly depressed, employment is very scarce, wages are very low; every industry in the country is complaining that prices are so unprofitable that heavy losses are being suffered. In South America matters are not much better. The premium on gold at Buenos Ayres is not quite so high as last week; but even yet the paper dollar is depreciated more than 75 per cent. Unfortunately, too, the Government is trying to borrow a large amount in gold in London. The Government is not fulfilling its existing obligations, especially those to the guaranteed railways, and yet it is trying to raise a sum of a million sterling here in London. Very naturally this has made an exceedingly bad impression. It is to be hoped that the great financial houses will not only refuse themselves to make the loan, but will let the Argentine Government understand that fresh borrowing under the circumstances will utterly ruin its credit in this country. There is no improvement in India, and the depression in Australia is as great as ever. The crisis in Spain is seriously deepening, and the Spanish Government has made a fresh attempt to borrow in Paris without success. It will not make the concessions with regard to the railways insisted upon by the great French bankers, and without those concessions they will not lend.

There is not much change to report in Stock Exchange prices this week. In the Home Railway market London and Chatham Preference closed on Thursday at 107 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$; and North Staffordshire closed at 131, a rise of 2; but Great Western closed at 164 $\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$; South-Western Undivided closed at 193, a fall of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$; and South-Eastern "A" closed at 82, a fall of 2 $\frac{1}{2}$. In the American market, on the other hand, there has been a recovery, which is due entirely to manipulation in New York. Possibly it has been stimulated by a sudden advance in the price of wheat in Chicago. Atchison Four per Cent. gold bonds closed on Thursday at 76 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$; and Erie Second Mortgage bonds closed at 79, a rise of as much as 5. Milwaukee shares closed at 62 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$; Illinois Central shares closed at 92 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{3}{4}$; New York Central shares closed at 101, a rise of 1; and Lake Shore closed at 135 $\frac{1}{2}$, likewise a rise of 1. The Argentine market is all lower. Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed on

Thursday at 51-3, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1; and Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary closed at 92-4, a fall of 4. Argentine Five per Cents of 1886 closed at 63 $\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of 1; and Argentine Funding bonds closed at 64 $\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{4}$. Brazilian are likewise lower. The Four and a Half per Cents closed on Thursday at 70, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1. But generally inter-Bourse securities are higher. Chilean closed at 95, a rise of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$; Bulgarian Sixes closed at 104, a rise of 1; Greeks of 1884 closed at 33 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$; Hungarian Fours closed at 98, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$; Italian closed at 78 $\frac{3}{8}$, a rise of $\frac{3}{8}$; and Spanish closed at 65 $\frac{1}{8}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{8}$.

HERALDIC EXHIBITION.

THE great heraldic show at Edinburgh a couple of years ago has, no doubt, stimulated the Society of Antiquaries to their present effort. Its success cannot be denied. It is without flaw. Even people who do not know a crest from a coat-of-arms, or, like the Oxford magistrates who fined Christ Church men for using a badge—to wit, a cardinal's hat—on their paper without a licence, would be interested in seeing the helmets of the Black Prince and that of Henry V. Housekeepers will be interested in a carpet three hundred years old and more. Lovers of illuminated manuscripts will see some of the most gorgeous examples ever written; while the history of the iron trade is illustrated with Sussex fire-backs bearing shields. There are carvings and medals, rolls and seals, rings and chains. The Committee have wisely included badges, which, though they are not heraldry, are closely allied to it. The most magnificent objects in the show are the tabards of the kings-of-arms in the Library. They are five in number, one dating as far back as 1677. Near them is the crown made for the coronation of Charles II.—that is to say, the metal-work of the crown, for the jewels are gone, having been extracted to make other crowns. The chief interest of it lies in the well-known fact that it was modelled, by Sir Robert Vyner or one of his workmen, to be as like as possible to the old Royal crown destroyed under the Commonwealth. The Dean and Chapter of Canterbury have lent the helm and crest, shield, surcoat, gauntlets, and sword-scabard which have so long hung over the tomb of the Black Prince. They are undertakers' heraldry, but were put up as far back as the time of the Prince's funeral—on Michaelmas Day, 1376. The shield of Henry V., from Westminster, was carried at the King's great funeral procession, in November 1422. It is mentioned in the undertaker's bill. The helmet of Lord Cobham, from Cobham Church, has the Soldan's head for a crest, probably moulded in *cuir bouilli* for lightness. The object of chief interest after these is the carpet noticed already, with the arms of Queen Elizabeth and those of Ipswich and Harbottle. It is dated 1570. The design is strictly Gothic, showing that, like glaziers and plasterers, the carpet-weavers still worked on the old traditions, uninfluenced by the Italian movement which already showed itself in stonework. On the walls of the Meeting Room are Mr. St. John Hope's photographs, coloured, of the Garter plates in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, which have been prepared for his forthcoming volume on the subject, and give promise of great excellence. In the same room is a long roll of a tournament early in the reign of Henry VIII., and a series of family pedigrees on rolls, chiefly of the seventeenth century, splendidly coloured and gilt, which add a gorgeousness to the aspect of the exhibition scarcely surpassed even by the tabards upstairs. One of the earliest, and at the same time most handsome, of these genealogies comes, like the Elizabethan carpet, from the treasures of Gorbamby, and shows the descent of Sir Harbottle Grimston in 1619. An older example is the pedigree of Lady Cobham, and is dated 1584. A third of the same date contains an account of the Dymoke family, and belongs to the Society of Antiquaries. The illuminated manuscripts include several armories lent by the Heralds' College. An armory lent by Lord Crawford is interesting as having been compiled by

Sir David Lindsay of The Mount,
Lord Lyon King-at-Arms,

as Sir Walter Scott calls him in *Marmion*.

In the Library is another document lent by Lord Crawford, a roll of arms which comprises a large number of

Yorkshire and other Northumbrian names, and is of very early date—namely, about 1350, while heraldry was still a living art. In the same room is the fine roll pedigree of the Petleys of Downe, one of the best of the Kentish families, and another of the Lees, whose name occurs so frequently in Buckinghamshire. Sir Wollaston Franks, the President, lends a large number of heraldic rings, together with badges, such as those of the Garter and the Bath; and Sir Charles Robinson lends a George which formerly belonged to Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, beheaded 1641. The armorial bookplates, which are so much collected nowadays, and by no one more than by the President, form a brave and attractive show. Here are two bookplates of Sir Edward Dering, six of Samuel Pepys, the diarist, and Dürer's cut of the arms of Staiber, a German who was knighted by Henry VIII., and bears on his shield an augmentation, consisting of an English lion—an animal well known to heralds, though unknown to the authorities at the Zoo. He is certainly ramping and passing in many forms and sizes at Burlington House, but ceases his all too brief visit on Wednesday next.

COVENT GARDEN.—ALBERT HALL.

THERE have been no fresh productions at Covent Garden since our last review, but we have to register another interesting week of opera, and Sir Augustus Harris may be sincerely complimented upon a brilliant series of performances. The chief attraction of the spectacle has proved to be mainly in the casting of parts and in *débuts*, and these we will catalogue in the order of merit. Foremost comes the *rentrée* of Mme. Melba, fresh from her triumphs at the Scala, and though the greeting offered to the lady on her appearance on Saturday last was hushed with typical rudeness, soon the crowded house had to bow to the magic of her incomparable talent, and make amends, by dint of unlimited enthusiasm, for a momentary annoyance. To say that Mme. Melba's is the most beautiful voice to-day and at the service of an unsurpassed technique is to say little, and what makes Mme. Melba the queen of the lyric stage now is her irreproachable style of singing, the *accento* in her delivery, her fine dramatic instinct, and the talent for taking infinite pains over the interpretation of a part. What fills even experts with wonder is the prodigious spontaneity of her voice, a preciously unique quality. Mme. Melba's Marguerite is perfection, and her Lucia beyond praise. We notice, by-the-bye, that the performance of *Lucia* has been somewhat apologetically announced on the Covent Garden programme. Is Sir Augustus Harris giving way to the hysterical clique of ultra-Wagnerian or extra-modern *diletanti*? In the *Huguenots* we were introduced to a new-comer, Mme. Adiny, a lady of statuesque beauty, but of an unsteady voice; still, her Valentine was a fine performance. The lady is a genuine dramatic soprano, she sings well and acts admirably. Amongst the men, the first place must be assigned to Signor Ancona, who has made astonishing progress since last year; to his natural gifts—a voice unique amongst baritones for compass, volume, and beauty of tone—he has added now a refined style of singing, and in Valentino his death scene was a remarkable performance, especially as he sang it lying down. Signor de Lucia comes next, very much improved too, and it will be sufficient to say that since Gayarré nobody has sung "Salve dimora" on the Covent Garden stage as beautifully as he does; quite apart from perfect phrasing, and a dignified style, we would recommend to other tenors for study and imitation certain vocal gymnastics of Signor de Lucia's—say, the *appoggio* he uses for the high *c* in "Salve dimora," and certain *smorzature*. The Mephistopheles of M. Plançon is a fine, but uneven, performance, the Church scene being really the only one to which no exception can be taken; his Marcel is good all round. M. Dufriche is as ever faithful to the farmyard style of singing, and Mr. Richard Green is useful in company with MM. Bonnard, Castelmarty, Arimondi, Pelagalli-Rossetti. Signor Mancinelli is in excellent form this year, and does wonders with his masses; it must be said also that we have not had for a long time past such a splendid orchestral and choral body. If the choruses could be only prevented from discussing their affairs on the stage, they would be model choruses indeed. As to the orchestra, it is simply superb, and, though it is difficult to single out any instruments for especial praise, still we

have no hesitation in saying that the first harp at Covent Garden, the first clarinet, and, above all, the violas are not to be matched anywhere else. The staging has been so far faultless, and in several instances happy innovations and changes have been introduced.

At the Albert Hall Mme. Patti presented, on Saturday last, a fairly numerous audience with a performance, in recital form, of an opera—*Gabriella*—written expressly for her by Signor Emilio Pizzi. The practice of writing for singers is, comparatively speaking, rare. *Pagliacci* was originally written for the tenor Garulli. Signor Tamagno has an opera which belongs to him—*Gualtiero Swarten*, by M. Gnaga—and *Gabriella* may be described as Mme. Patti's opera. Nobody, we are sure, will grudge the still great artist the pleasure of that possession, and nobody, we fear, is likely to compete for it. The whole thing is too childish—both music and libretto—to deserve serious consideration, and the verdict of the audience was unmistakable. From among the nonsense which has been written about this performance, we cannot help singling out the following, as distancing in arrogant flippancy all the rest. Says one, "The music of Signor Pizzi is very melodious, and written in the newest Italian style, as developed by Mascagni, Leoncavallo, Puccini, Verdi, in '*Falstaff*,' and two or three other ambitious composers," &c. The italics are ours, and may we never meet anything in worse taste than such indescribable huddling of talent and genius, with Verdi put down as an "ambitious composer."

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

TTHIS week has seen the close of the General Assembly in Edinburgh, and the long State and civic procession has once again safely ascended the High Street, and the several parts and duties of the Church and State have again been symbolized in this ancient and purely national procession. The powers that be have this year seen the wisdom of having no plans of their own against the walls of the National Kirk, and they have only promised—what they know they will never be called on to give—their support to the Bill of an insignificant Scottish member, the absurdities of the said Bill having already become the laughing stock of the Kirk and country.

Few ceremonies are more pregnant with national life and meaning than those which commence with the Lord High Commissioner's procession from Holyrood and end within the Assembly Hall. The independence and alliance of Church and State are perpetually symbolized in picturesque and historic guise, and no one can watch it as it winds its way through streets which hold in their narrow bounds the chief scenes of Scottish history without feeling that they are witnessing more than a mere pageant. The procession is headed by the retiring "Moderator," the Minister who has been "the Speaker" of the House and the head of the Supreme Church Court for the preceding year; it is his last duty to preach before the Lord High Commissioner in St. Giles before he proceeds to the Assembly Hall. The Moderator, in Court dress, with lace ruffles and three-cornered silk hat, has somewhat the appearance of an ancient Spanish priest, though his academic hood and bands prevent the spectator being under any wild delusions as to his personality for any length of time. His carriage is followed by those of the town magistrates, their rear brought up by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh; and when he chances to be a violent Disestablisher, good Churchmen see with pleasure his solitary berobed figure passing slowly along. Following him comes the Law Officer of the Crown, and then the Macebearer, seated between the Commissioner's pages, two small boys in scarlet coats, swords, and wigs, and finally, amid an escort of cavalry, the Lord High Commissioner, accompanied by the Purse-bearer and Chaplain, and "Her Grace."

After the service in St. Giles's and the sermon, the procession is again reformed, and, amid a salute of guns, His Grace enters the throne gallery, which is slightly raised above the Moderator's chair; and, standing with his Chaplain on his left, and the Lord Provost and his Purse-bearer on his right, he bows three times to the standing and waiting Assembly, which is then "constituted." The first business is the election of the Moderator of the year. He has been chosen the previous year by the company of ex-Moderators, but his election has to be ratified by the

Assembly. He is proposed by the retiring Moderator, and, when the pleasure of the Assembly is taken, the principal Clerk goes out and escorts him into the Assembly; he then takes the oath of his office, and is installed in the Chair by the retiring Moderator. He in his turn bows three times to the House, and, turning to the Commissioner, he bows again and awaits his part in the proceedings. These consist in His Grace's Commission being handed to the principal Clerk, while the Moderator asks the House if it is their pleasure that it should be read. After this the Queen's letter to the Assembly goes through the same form, and then the House's pleasure is taken "that it should be recorded." The Moderator, again, turns to the throne, and His Grace addresses the Assembly. The Moderator makes suitable reply, the mere formalities being enlivened by reference to the personality of the Commissioner and "Her Grace," and it is rare, indeed, that political feeling ever interferes with the warm welcome which is accorded to those who, as old friends or newcomers, are welcomed as representing the Queen, and whose hospitalities at Holyrood "the Right Reverend and Right Honourables" are very capable of thoroughly appreciating. After these preliminaries are gone through the Assembly rapidly settles down to its work, and within half an hour after the close of the stately and formal ceremonies the House is probably having "a lively time" of it, and the Moderator has his powers of control fully taxed. Sitting around the table are the two Clerks and the Law Officers, various ex-Moderators, and the leading men in the business of the House. The Assembly—essentially a democratic one—has "its eye" on the table, and by no means approves if it thinks these "front benches" are trying to manage things all their own way. The great characteristic of the Assembly is, undoubtedly, its singular desire to get rapidly through the large mass of business which lies in its hand, and which by dint of innumerable committees it does get through with miraculous rapidity, and which it is a mercy the House of Commons, in these days, does not copy, or the Disestablishment Bills for both Churches might become matters of present politics. The Assembly meets at eleven and sits till five or six, with occasionally an evening "Sederunt," beginning at nine. Politics are rarely introduced, except in these days when Church Defence has had to be organized; and when the "convener" of "Church interests" gives in his report, this means a debate on Disestablishment, and it is a day refreshing to those who enjoy seeing a goodly company in war array and ready for the fray. On the closing night the Moderator gives an address, which is an elaborate "Charge," more or less according to circumstances tempered by politics. The Assembly closes with ceremonies similar to those which are used for the opening day; the Moderator first dissolves it, announcing the day of its meeting for the next year, and the Commissioner on behalf of the State then dissolves it, and appoints the same day as the Moderator has done.

At Holyrood Prince Charlie's ball-room is the State dining-room, and the Commissioner, by degrees, entertains to dinner all the seven hundred members of the Assembly. The first guest received is the Moderator, and he sits on the right hand of "the Commissioneress." Two toasts are always given—the Queen, and "the Church of Scotland"—and when, as at the present time, the Commissioner is a Celt, the ears of the guests are soothed by pipers marching round the table. After dinner the Moderator and His Grace leave the room, side by side, and this symbolic procession closes the events of the day. If the Commissioner's duties in entertaining are not light, neither has the Moderator an easy time of it, for it is his duty to entertain the Assembly, also by degrees, to breakfast every morning. The guests are invited to prayers shortly after 8.30, and if they are not all on the spot at that hour, they are present in their hundreds when breakfast is ready at nine o'clock; and, if entertaining at that hour has its trials, the Moderator at least can feel that his position of host at that hour is a unique one.

The constitution of the Assembly means the meeting on a common ground, and with common interests, of every class and every profession of the country. The lay element is represented by the "Elders," and includes members of the working classes, as well as men of position and standing. This year a former Commissioner spoke from the table as an Elder in the Assembly, and this wide franchise gives to the discussions a width and strength which a meeting of clergymen alone could not carry with it. The "petitioners" who appear at the bar, and whose cases are dealt with by the

Assembly as a judicial Court, still further enhance the interests of this Assembly of "Churchmen" in its widest sense. Do away with it, and Scotland would lose one of her greatest institutions, and be the poorer in honour and repute.

REVIEWS.

FIFTY YEARS OF MY LIFE.

Fifty Years of My Life. By Sir John Dugdale Astley, Bart. ("The Mate"). London: Hurst & Blackett.

SPORTING autobiography seems to be in fashion, and the Reminiscences of Custance the jockey have been quickly followed by Sir John Astley's *Fifty Years of My Life*. Both are works of quite remarkable interest, though the owner of horses has the advantage over the professional rider of being in a position to speak with the greater freedom of his Turf experiences; for while Custance had to *ménager* the faults and foibles of many of his former employers, Sir John puts no limit on his frank outspokenness as to the hero of his narrative. Yet surely no writer of contemporary history has ever been more careful to avoid publishing "a word which could hurt the feelings of man or woman"; a purpose proclaimed at the beginning, and strictly adhered to throughout these pages. This unusual benevolence would alone make conspicuous a book which we believe to be absolutely unique in literature. Small need was there for the editor in his preface to assure us that he had "as much as possible endeavoured to preserve his friend's style of composition and phraseology." Truly a wise determination; for if we may judge by an occasional footnote, the editorial pen is as feeble as that of the author is forcible. Indeed, were he not careful to proclaim on every possible occasion his supreme contempt for Board Schools, his grammar and orthography would sufficiently assure us of his perfect freedom from their literary trammels. We do not seem to read, but to hear, Sir John telling his stories with that inimitable *verve* which makes him the life and soul of good company.

The details of his tolerably tempestuous boyhood at private schools and at Eton are insignificant; but it is worthy of notice that the only part of his life on which he looks back without complacency is the year he spent at Oxford, though a man with his keen sense of humour might well be satisfied with the recollection that, if he had given his University no other cause to be proud of him, he there early accomplished "a record" by convulsing his examining Dons, including the Dean of Christ Church, with laughter at the magnificent audacity of his construction of a passage in Euripides, not one word whereof could he guess rightly, not even at the two proper names on which he founded this brilliant effort of imagination.

Soon after joining the Scots Fusilier Guards in 1848 he developed those great running powers which eventually made him the champion sprinter of the army—a hundred yards on the flat and a quarter of a mile over hurdles were his favourite distances—and which brought him into close connexion with professional pedestrians of whose "ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain" he has so much to say; while apparently quite unconscious of how bright must have been his own honour, in that he could touch even that pitch without being defiled. We may here say, once for all, that perhaps the greatest attraction of these volumes is the constant evidence of the unblemished integrity of their author amidst the most shady surroundings. With bookmakers, jockeys, pugilists, or pedestrians he could be hale fellow well met, eagerly interested, often participating in their avocations, yet never for an instant losing sight of or derogating from his own high standard of what an English gentleman must be and do. Who ever heard slur or suspicion cast on the fair fame of "The Mate"?

His share in the Crimean campaign of 1854 was but brief, as he was knocked over by a bullet in the neck at the Alma. Still, no more vivid description of the earlier part of that engagement, and of the advance on the Russian batteries of the Scots Fusiliers, has ever been published. Invalided home he soon recovered, and after a short but not very successful spell at winter recruiting in Sussex—the yokels had heard more than enough of our miserable commissariat—in the spring of 1855 he volunteered to go out again with a draft, and immensely funny is his description of how he and a brother officer, Captain Hepburn, extorted this privilege from the "Old Boy at the Horse Guards," and the feelings with which one at least of the pair received the granting of their request. Almost immediately after rejoining his regiment his brevet rank as major relegated him to hospital duty in the town of Balaklava, so that, except as a volunteer he saw but little of

the advance trench work, which cost the lives of so many of his best friends. Of course wherever there was a bit of fun to be had, he was sure to be in the thick of it, and as a promoter of sport he soon became celebrated throughout the three armies—French, English, and *Sardines*, as he invariably designates the Italian troops. To the Russians, however, during moments of truce, or after the fall of Sebastopol, he would hold out no hand of fellowship; he says they had “bayoneted many of his old pals lying wounded on the ground,” and this he could neither forgive nor forget. Sir John is a serious enemy as well as a staunch friend.

In 1858 he married Miss Corbett, the daughter of a well-known Lincolnshire squire, and quitting the army the following year he began to devote himself to racing, the sport which in his heart he has always loved best, and with which he is chiefly identified in men's minds, notwithstanding his fondness for hunting and shooting, and his very pronounced weakness for the cinder-path and the prize-ring. About these two latter pursuits he tells many a good story, the pick of them perhaps being the strange tale of how his own private *ped* yielded to temptation and then put the double on his seducers. The Sayers and Heenan fight is described with the gusto of a connoisseur in hard knocks, and though Sir John still befriends the professors of the noble art, he cannot help commenting on the deterioration in spirit of our modern gladiators, who will not now-a-days put on the gloves for a prize of less than 1,000*l.*, whereas, in 1860, the two best and bravest boxers in the world were “ready to risk their reputation, and perhaps the alteration of their profiles,” for 400*l.*, with naked fists.

Yet if we mistake not, it is Sir John's racing career that will most interest the majority of his readers, since no man has ever made a more complete and practical study of the Turf in all its branches than he. With his usual candour he confides to his public that he originally took to betting, as he has now taken to authorship, with the laudable purpose of “diminishing the deficit” at his banker's, and though he betted with freedom and pluck and often with great success, he was nevertheless something very much beyond the ordinary betting owner. A real horse-lover, perhaps one of the finest judges of horseflesh in England, he took the most intense interest in everything connected with his stables; he knew his animals as few persons, save touts and trainers, know them, he studied their comforts and idiosyncrasies in every way, and it almost seems as if they returned his affection. How many men would have dared, as he did, to walk into the box of a savage stallion such as was Peter, merely for the sake of renewing old acquaintance over a lump of sugar? While speaking of Sir John's kindness and loving care for his favourites, it is worth mentioning that he is the only writer who, to our knowledge, has ever given a good description of Mr. Löffler's method of handling horses, and filing their teeth, here strikingly contrasted with the brutal treatment of the ordinary vet. It is to be regretted that we are not told if Mr. Löffler has any efficient pupils at Newmarket or elsewhere.

During the lifetime of his father-in-law, who had a holy horror of the Turf, Sir John raced under the borrowed rather than assumed name of Mr. S. Thellusson, training in Drewitt's stable at Lewes, where he learnt by his own experience the difficult art of putting horses together, at which he obtained a proficiency rare amongst gentlemen. Drewitt was stableman, pure and simple, with the priceless virtue of never betting, “A new bonnet for the missus” being his usual reply when asked by the most liberal of employers how much he wanted to stand on a race for which they fancied themselves. Another inestimable advantage enjoyed by Drewitt's patrons was that George Fordham was the regular stable jockey, and he who was dog-like in his attachment to friends, would probably to the end of his days rather have ridden for Drewitt than for any other living man, and after him for Sir John Astley.

Our author's account of how he worked the Blackdown commission for the Goodwood Stakes when the Lewes stable won an immense sum, will sound strange to the ears of our present speculators who delight in the futile mystification of what they call “a starting-price job.”

After Drewitt retired from his profession, Sir John had horses with Blanton, Joe Dawson, and other well-known trainers. It is impossible within the space of a review to give even a sketch of his fluctuating fortunes. Suffice it to say that he owned more really good horses than have often fallen to one man's share, and for this he was entirely indebted to his own excellent judgment; he knew how to try and place them better than his fellows, he won a number of really important stakes and numberless small ones, he was a bold cool bettor, and as he never would allow his horses to be knocked out by the Ring, he often won largely on what appeared but forlorn chances. As a matter of fact, he

won 28,968*l.* by betting in twenty-six years, and at the end of that time was, as he informs us with frank composure, “dead-broke”! adding that some of his readers may wish to know how this was managed if he won on an average over 1,000*l.* a year. The explanation, which is clear and simple, we earnestly commend to the attention of young men who contemplate trying their luck as owners of racehorses. Sir John concludes what may certainly be deemed the sporting memoir of the century by announcing that, never during his life having missed an opportunity of making an honest penny, he now proposes turning his attention to Whippet-racing, a sport which he avers to be within the reach of the humblest purse, and of which he speaks with much enthusiasm. May joy and good luck go with him as a “whippeteer”—the lines of his whippets, at all events, will fall in pleasant places.

NOVELS.

A Man of To-day. By Helen Mathers. 3 vols. London: F. V. White & Co. 1894.

A Real Repentance: a Story of Oberammergau. By Austin Clare. In Three Parts. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.

The Best of her Sex. By Fergus Hume. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1894.

A King in Bohemia: a Romance of the Red Rock Coast. By Henry Herman. London: Remington & Co. 1894.

The Monk of Mar-Saba, and Elrad the Hic. By Joseph Hocking. London: Ward, Lock, & Bowden. 1894.

A Son of the Forge. By Robert Blatchford. London: Innes & Co. 1894.

Between the Silences; and other Stories. By Curtis Yorke. London: Jarrold & Sons. 1894.

WHO does not know it well, and recognize it with a groan, that wearyful transition from the novel simply frivolous to the novel frivolous-philosophic? Miss Mathers's troop of young people, Dinkie and Nan and Bunkulorum, and Melons and the Snapper, and Tom, Dick, and Harry (to sum the rest in a comprehensive and familiar form), with their slanginess and vulgarity were often, in the old days, amusing. Now they retain the slang and the vulgarity, but they are no longer funny. They moralize in a dreary fashion too sadly similar to the pages of platitudinous reflection with which the author intersects their conversations. We do not complain, nor reproach Miss Helen Mathers for having reached this stage of her profession, any more than we should reproach a friend for turning grey or losing youth's bright complexion. It can't be helped. *A Man of To-day* appears a number of years later than *Comin' through the Rye*, that's all; and the story must bear the ravages of time as best it may. About the same period that philosophy lays its fell finger on the poor middle-aged frivolous novel often appears the fatal aptitude of quotation. And a curious thing it is that the more elderly the giddy thing looks, to outward show, the more persistent is the choice of classic lore for tops to chapters and tags to monologues. Socratic wisdom and Platonic platitude abound in this latest story by Miss Mathers. Thucydides and Herodotus remark; Sallust suggests. Quite literally, Seneca cannot be too heavy for her, nor Plautus too light. In truth, the comedy which once served as partial condonation for the literary sins of Miss Mathers has now a hard and heavy struggle with a dreary cynicism which has not a conviction in it, and scarcely a sincerity. It puts its poor old head up from time to time even in the pages of *A Man of To-day*, only to have it battered by a polemical cudgel.

The Passion Play at Oberammergau is one of the things which have been spoiled by time, custom, facilities of travel, and decay of the simplicities of faith. It was a divinely beautiful thing at a period well within the memory of people not yet very old; and at the time selected by the author of *A Real Repentance*, the quite early years of the century, it was an act of piety rather than a show. It was given once in ten years as a vowed solemnity, and the villagers lived in contemplation of the parts they were to be selected to assume. The physical type as well as the moral temperament had to correspond, and it may well be conceived how powerful was the influence upon the community of the solemn and sacred drama they had ever before their imagination. In this simple short story the Passion Play is the chief interest; nor is the external human action placed round it very cleverly managed. The old-fashioned plan of beginning the story at the end, and working back to its elucidation, needs a powerful and sustained motive-power to retain attention. Such is scarcely found in *A Real Repentance*, while the emotional effervescence is in excess.

Perhaps Mr. Fergus Hume would have done better to name his novel “*Tho*,” in place of *The Best of her Sex*. *Tho* plays quite the most important part in the story; whereas Miss Beatrice Brege is a rather uninteresting young woman. People would not

have known what Tho meant, and might (as they do in the book) have sent forth immediately to purchase it and find out. Tho is a quack nerve tonic, and the narration of Miss Brege's history involves a description of how the astute Mr. Richard Lorraine placarded the town with hideous advertisements, placed especially where they were most likely to offend the human sense, and gained thereby an enormous sale for his Tho. There might have been some moral gain to the community from the description of such proceedings if Dick Lorraine had been shown reaping the natural result of his criminal conduct; but, on the contrary, he gets off with his pile of dollars in safety. However, "just are the ways of God and justifiable to men"; the quack medicine advertiser will dree his weird somehow, somewhere—perhaps by dwelling eternally amongst his own posters and living on his own quackery. As it is, in Mr. Hume's little drama *Sir Melancthon Brege's fate* (he was a physician, and went partner in the sell) is sudden death, and Dick Lorraine is of the sort that never comes to good.

Why it should have occurred to Mr. Henry Herman to name his Devonshire story *A King in Bohemia* does not appear during the perusal of that little tale. The artist, Mr. Eynsford, who happened to be staying on the Devonshire coast when the terrible experiences of Samson Aelderman the fisherman took place, is indeed presented to us as the "man of the world, the artist saturated with the adulation of London high Bohemia, the man of fashion at whose feet knelt quite a bevy of the fair ones of May-fair," but we have only the too partial author's word for it; none of the qualities implied in such a description appear in the gentleman's demeanour or conversation, and, in place of the "bevy" kneeling to the artist, the artist is "oftener upon his knees than on his feet," like the queen who was Malcolm's mother, before the little rustic beauty Mary Aelderman. The real hero of the story is the stolid, stupid, helpless fisherman Samson, who knows nothing, can neither read nor write, and the limit of whose desire of physical pleasure is to lie on his back in the sun and be let alone. This may be a study from life for its consistency and for the closeness with which its nature is followed through very singular adventures. He is suspected and acquitted of a murder; he has a million of money left him; he is all but done to death in a low gambling haunt on the Riviera; he is nursed to life in a Franciscan monastery, and finally "enormous reefs of gold" (the "ropes of pearls" fade before this) are found on his Australian land. Through it all Samson never changes a jot. At the end he would sooner be let alone and lie on his back in the sun than be called on to administer that troublesome money. Samson is a genuinely interesting person, not in the least a lout, at bottom a good fellow and a gentleman, and, although he says "here be I," the reader feels that the gentle well-born Mildred St. Ruth could live with him and respect him as her husband.

Mr. Joseph Hocking's two Eastern stories, *The Monk of Mar-Saba* and *Elrad the Hic*, bound together in one volume, have the interest which close observation of scenery and vividly strong description can always lend. The account of the Convent of Mar-Saba, its desolate and gloomy situation and melancholy routine of internal life, is forcibly written, and its accuracy is guaranteed by the good faith of the author, who has personally studied the region. In the second story also, the strange sect or clan of Hic, who believe themselves sole possessors of revealed religion, taught them by their incarnated god, is described with considerable power. But in both tales the introduction of the romantic young English damsel, exquisitely fair and lovely, and so inadequately guarded by her friends as to be flown away with by lawless and enamoured Bedouins, weakens the dramatic probabilities. The youthful monk of Mar-Saba flying around the desert with the beautiful Esther (whom the Arabs strangely call "Golden Locks") in his arms, sometimes on horseback, sometimes on foot, rescuing her from the pursuit of the wicked Abou Gamska, has much less appearance of truth than when he is shown in his rock-cave cell at Mar-Saba. And the sense of something more than probability is strained in the English feeling when Miss Dorothy Melrose bestows herself in marriage on Elrad the Hic. However, Miss Melrose's father was a missionary, and he may have taken the same view of his duty (to his daughter) as did the conscientious bishop in the *Bab Ballad*.

A Son of the Forge is the name of the very homely history of Mr. William Homer, a motherless lad, born and bred wretchedly in the Black Country, beaten and abused by a drunken father, ill treated by the smith to whom he is apprenticed, and in whose dark life no gleam of hope exists but the love and goodness of one only elder sister. This suffices, however (*pace Iota*), to kindle affection in poor Willie's heart, and to preserve him in a sort of sullen purity from the vulgar vices which surround him. Alice, however, dies; and in despair Willie runs away and enlists.

Willie knows nothing except the use of his fists. With this accomplishment he is accurately acquainted, and displays it here and there in a manner which one might call brutal if one did not generally sympathize entirely with the feeling which prompts him. In the end the tenderness of a poor childish waif he picks up on London Bridge, one night, heals the wounded heart of the unlucky lad, and they have nearly forty years of married happiness and prosperity in Canada. Quite the most striking part of this unpretending story is the account of that great and terrible year in English history—that year of horror and glory, when the stars in their courses fought before Sebastopol against British arms, and could not prevail. There is nothing to tell not already known; but the plain story of the private soldier, of the frozen misery, the long, slow agony of the siege, the hellish bombardments, the furious sallies and assaults, is forcibly told, and admiration of the indomitable pluck of our own troops is heightened by his ready and hearty tribute to the valour and endurance of the Russians.

The novels and stories by Curtis Yorke are too well known to need introduction. They have already their own public. *Between the Silences* is the title of a volume containing nine or ten short stories similar to their predecessors—that is to say, bright, lively, and vivacious; not very deep in their pathos, nor very brilliant in their comedy. "Two on an Island" is, perhaps, the most outrageously romantic and extravagant; "The Mystery of Belgrave Square" the most melodramatic; "Between the Silences" the most touching.

A FRENCH CRITIC ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Littérature anglaise et philosophie. Par Joseph Milsand. Dijon: Lamarche.

PERHAPS there are not very many Englishmen who could at a moment's notice attach any precise idea to the name of the late M. Joseph Milsand; while, of those who could, all but a very few knew him in connexion with, and as the recipient of a dedication from, Robert Browning. Some, indeed, may remember a remarkable monograph published all but thirty years ago in the same series, which contained M. Taine's brilliant studies of Carlyle and Mill entitled *L'esthétique anglaise*, and devoted chiefly to Mr. Ruskin. But very few indeed, we should suppose, except those who have had, by some personal accident, their attention drawn to the subject, can have had cognizance of the greater part of the still more remarkable articles reprinted last year, not long after the author's death, by his widow and daughter. In the too short introduction to this extremely interesting volume the more important articles are spoken of as dating from 1861; and as forming part of a scheme, "unfortunately interrupted," for something like a complete survey of modern English poetry. We endorse the phrase "unfortunately interrupted" most heartily; but we think that 1861 must be a clerical error or a misprint for 1851. Most of the separate dates of the actual essays cluster round the earlier year, and it is perhaps not unworthy notice that, while the interruption at the later would be inexplicable, the convulsion of the *Comp d'état*, which changed so many men and things in France, would very well explain it at the earlier. This, however, is only a point of bibliographic interest, and some of the essays date from a time far later than even 1861.

The point of real attraction, however, is of a much less dry-as-dust character. It lies partly in the surprising quality of M. Milsand's acquaintance with English literature, partly in the strength and distinction of his critical remarks on it. Of very late years some direct attention has been paid to English authors of the day by Frenchmen; and for at least thirty the efforts of MM. Taine, Scherer, and Montégut have brought more or fewer Frenchmen to the knowledge of our classics, ancient and modern. But the extraordinary thing about M. Milsand is that, at a time anterior to the labours of this respectable band, he seems not only to have had historical English literature at his fingers' ends, but to have opened and maintained a close observation of the contemporary poetical movement. In the dead waist and middle of the century he not only knew all there was to know about Tennyson, about the Brownings, about Dickens, but was paying attention to lesser lights like Darley, like John Edmund Reade, like Sir Henry Taylor. That he should have written one of the very best, if not the very best, criticisms of the author of "Hohenlinden" known to us may seem less surprising, for Campbell had many approximations to the French genius and range. But that a Frenchman, at the very appearance of Gilchrist's *Blake*, should show, not merely an indulgent, but a thoroughly intelligent and sympathetic, appreciation of a figure so utterly alien to everything French must remain a great marvel. It is partly explained, no

doubt, by the intrinsically less interesting studies of religious philosophy which close the book; but it still remains astonishing. M. Milsand, who was in affluent circumstances, possessing a house at Paris (at least at Neuilly) and another in the country; who had no profession after weak sight obliged him to give up the pursuit of painting, in which his *début* had been very promising; and who was a frequent visitor to England, as well as entirely master of his time during a long life, had advantages which do not fall to the lot of every man. But these advantages could not have enabled him to do what he has done had he not possessed an exceptional natural faculty and a great habit of study. In his allusions to our older literature—allusions which frequently betray ignorance to knowing eyes even more than elaborate discussions—we note no slip of importance except the putting of Swift as later in date than Richardson, and here we suspect that "Swift" is a *lapsus calami* for Sterne, who is not mentioned, and who would naturally fill the exact place. In his contemporary censures we note no weakness except a very slight tendency to put the lesser men we have mentioned, especially Darley, too high. And this is a thing which it is almost impossible for a good critic, if he be a foreigner, to avoid. *Pauci quos æquus [or iniquus] amavit Juppiter* avoid it even among natives, so hard is it (unless the easy and ungracious task of carping all round be adopted) to make allowance for what will last and what will not. And even here M. Milsand will compare well with most critics.

But it is time to "motive" such high praise; and we cannot do this better, though it is the most troublesome way for the critic, than by citing a considerable number of M. Milsand's critical deliverances. Half a long lifetime has passed since he wrote on Tennyson, and in the interval we have had floods—swelling since the poet's death to deluges—of critical appreciation or depreciation. How strangely above all this welter does such a remark as the following sound, made in defence of some passages of *In Memoriam* against the charge of being "conceits"! "Pour quiconque sait les combinaisons étranges que le vent, les bruits, et les nuages peuvent former avec une pensée dont on est obsédé, l'œuvre entière est d'une vérité qui ne permet guère le doute." That is no vulgar remark, though it may seem so to *quiconque ne sait pas*. Nowhere, again, do we know a better refutation of the silly cry that the late Laureate was "not deep" than one which follows this sentence at a page or two's distance. It is too long to quote; but its gist is in the sentence, "De tous les poètes dont je me souviens, il est celui qui reste le plus constamment en dehors du domaine de l'esprit," where, of course, *esprit* is to be taken in the technical sense of the lower understanding. Another admirable passage comes in a later essay, when the *Idylls* had made the critic somewhat alter the notion he had not unnaturally formed, that works "of long breath" were not the poet's *forte*. "Somewhat," we say; for M. Milsand was much too good a critic to mistake Tennyson's epic limitations. This passage points out the peculiar Tennysonian faculty—one of the very highest possessed by the artist—of, as it were, getting rid of all traces of the preliminary processes of thought and work—a faculty of which, by the way, the critic might have noted the absence in his friend Browning. This later essay contains an excellent, though brief, passage on *Maud*—a passage which must not be judged by what is thought now of that wonderful poem, but by the graceless grumbling that greeted it when it came out. How good, again, is the double contrast of Tennyson—whose work "on ne lit pas, on regarde. Le poème est tout entier dans la logique de l'œil"—with Browning, who only looks *pour pénétrer*, and Wordsworth, who only sees *pour méditer*.

The essay on Browning himself is only less interesting in that it is necessarily more explanatory and commentatorial—a stage of criticism which was very necessary in France, and, for the matter of that, in England, then, but which is less apposite now. It contains, however, many of the same remarkable sayings, the most remarkable of all being one which Carlyle (whom M. Milsand may have known, and whom he certainly appreciated) would have applauded. The critic speaks of *Pippa Passes* and other poems as appealing "à une faculté encore sans nom en français. On l'appelle en Angleterre le sens de l'émerveillement." And this is quite true still. Neither Hugo nor Michelet could get the sense of wonder into French heads; and, that being so, it will probably remain unnamed in French, even though one rose from the dead to drive it into them.

The paper on Mrs. Browning contains an exceedingly fresh and acute estimate of Southern or Latin poetry, which the critic boldly accuses of being "cold," of lacking intensity and individuality. It is particularly interesting because it anticipates the very charge (for it was almost a charge) which M. Taine was to bring later against German and English literature, that the poet "se moque de ses émotions à l'instant même où il s'y livre," turn-

ing it boldly against the Latins. *They*, he says (do not, indeed, mock their emotions, but) sit entirely outside of them. They are in the auditorium as well as on the stage; and in their most passionate passages "assist at little dramas of which they are themselves the theatre." And he follows this up with a diatribe against the "lack of moral sense" in these same Latins which is as far as possible from the vulgar Philistine accusation of "immorality," and very much more difficult to answer. Let us note, too, an admirable denunciation of "political poetry and sentimental politics," which Mrs. Browning, certainly, and her husband a little deserved. Whether these articles were written before or after M. Milsand's acquaintance with the Brownings we know not. But if they were written after, their frankness does the greatest credit to the critic, and if before, to the criticized.

Some readers may be surprised to find after this article one on "William Smith" and his *Gravenhurst*. And, indeed, they are *pas mal oubliés*, William Smith and his *Gravenhurst*. Yet we are old enough dimly to remember when *Gravenhurst* and *Thorndale* were pretty frequent in the mouths of men, and when the author in his cloak and umbrella, like "the great Mr. Hurtle," was pointed out for the admiration of youth. They belonged to that (we frankly own to us intensely dreary) cycle of the moral and miscellaneous dialogue of which Sir Arthur Helps was the great *vates*, and which seems to have affected our good fathers in the middle of the century with a delight now almost wholly unintelligible. And here one may, perhaps, note and acknowledge that slight disproportion—that trifling aberration from the strict point of view of comparative value—which has been referred to above. But the next—on Dickens—is excellent, and contains some touches which few critics in England then would have made, though they may have been independently arrived at by some of us since. For instance, how good is the note on *Barnaby Rudge* as to the imperfections of Dickens as an historical novelist, pointing out that, despite the care with which he has got up his subject, "rien dans son œuvre ne précise l'époque dont il s'est fait chroniqueur." Writing very early, M. Milsand could not survey the whole work of Dickens, and he has distinctly exaggerated his political importance. But the "eye on the object" appears once more in the shrewd remark on the *American Notes* that "les États-Unis sous plus d'un rapport semblent avoir causé au voyageur les mêmes sensations qu'un Français éprouve en Angleterre."

Space would fail us to do justice to half the points in this noteworthy book. Let us, however, mention a very piquant note to the "Campbell" essay (one of the best of all) on the continued existence of Polytheism, as shown in the "chassez-croisez d'abstractions qui se nomment Le Travail, Le Capital, Le Crédit, Le Peuple," &c. A home touch, even to-day, that! Note also the admirable exposition in the "Blake" of the passage of Blake's visions "through and beyond the point at which they would have had the consistency necessary to make him a supreme poet," and some remarks a little later on the historical functions of imagination and reflexion in poetry.

Indeed, to those who care to read "for thoughts" it is pretty safe to open M. Milsand anywhere; they will not go far without finding some striking aphorism, some suggestive text, some remarkable indication of steady and at the same time sweeping view. The style, it is true, is rather philosophical than literary, rather logical than rhetorical. But we have not ourselves found the papers in the least "difficult reading," which even Browning admitted them to be, and we are very glad that they were brought to our notice. If, as seems to be indicated in the preface, there are more "Remains" available, let them by all means be published.

THE POET'S GARDEN.

The Garden that I Love. By Alfred Austin. London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

IN this sunshiny book with the Tennysonian title, Mr. Alfred Austin makes a charming addition to the literature of the English garden. Not wholly of the garden and of gardening is the poet's discourse, nor wholly descriptive of the gardener's aims, his hopes and fears and joys. In part it treats of the designer's projects and handiwork; and in part it is a poetic descendant on the work not made of hands—the glories, the surprises, the magic of nature, that reward the single-hearted love of the gardener with a prodigal show of delights, ever varied and ever new. From both points of view Mr. Austin's volume is delightful. The true garden-lover who reveres the "ancient garden state," and loves not the art that is too precise in every part, will find it pleasurable; and it is certain that the theorists

will not be set by the ears, but rather in some neutral ground of peace, through its benign influence. The book is suggestive of nothing Reptonian or the art of "Capability" Brown. It will lead none to take a side in some war of the roses, nor will it allure any to the Blomfieldian ideal, or the Robinsonian. To dispute about the gardening styles is as vain a thing in a poet as to wrangle over the architectural "orders." It is unwise, as Mr. Austin justly observes, to grow dogmatic about a rose. But if he is serenely uncontroversial in spirit, he knew exactly what he wanted when he set out on the quest for the garden of his affection. "I was looking for charm, solitude, and some antiquity," he confesses, and when we consider the notorious fastidiousness of a poet, it is impossible not to acknowledge the good fortune that brought him what he sought so speedily, and by a happy chance, it would seem. One of the two ladies, Veronica and Lamia, who play somewhat different parts in this book of a garden than the lady in the garden of the Sensitive Plant, confidently assured the author that he would never find what he wanted. However, not only was the garden discovered, with a Tudor house unspoiled by the restorer, but Veronica was constrained to admit that it fulfilled the ideal. The story of the discovery is an adventure that must be left to the reader. The beauty of the surroundings and the sense of peace in the prospect of acquisition are agreeably suggested:—

'The quiet August afternoon, with its long motionless shadows, its slight intimation of silver haze, and its soothing noise of neighbouring rooks; the music of a mill stream I could just overhear, the melodious monotone of contiguous ring-doves, the colour of the nectarines on the wall, the recollection of the ripe and ruddy orchard—all of these seemed to imbue my mind with a sense of autumnal mellowness, when everything one longs for awaits the plucking, and there is nothing more to be desired.'

An old mansion, with a park of noble trees and an ancient orchard, naturally are associated with a garden that left nothing for the making, but was formed centuries ago, and was grown to mature estate, sanctified by an august past, and made beautiful and stately by many a summer's silent fingering. There was nothing left to Mr. Austin but to propitiate the *genius loci* by maintaining the old ideal with reverence, save some amending of the ruins of neglect. The garden of his love was decidedly not a careless-ordered garden. Yet not less decidedly was it far removed from that spick-and-span marvel of engineering dexterity which some admire, or the pictures Mr. Austin gives of its generous borders of old-fashioned flowers, its noble shrubberies, and green alleys leading afar to bowery places, would not captivate us as they do. Not a gardener's garden, assuredly—that costly place so splendidly null—but, rather, a place that might have inspired the poet who imagined "The Garden of Boccaccio." And, not less assuredly, the exact opposite of that common and most distressing ideal of the professional gardener—the garden that for ever bears the marks, on tree and flower, shrub and grass, of the abhorred shears and knife, the rake, the mowing-machine, and all the other implements of his aggression. "Is it possible you could be such a fool?" asked Shelley of his Marlow gardener, who had hacked a splendid holly on his lawn to the round-headed insignificance that gardeners adore, and said he thought he had "improved" it. Gardens there are that look as if nature had been treated as a savage that must be repressed, or tied and bound by a hundred artifices, and restricted to petty, niggling ways. Mr. Austin confesses to some errors in his gardening schemes, and knew some disappointments. "The Garden that I Love," he writes, "is very perverse, very incalculable in its ways," but this inconstancy of spirit is one of the chief charms of a garden. Who would have a garden always the same prodigy of perfection, always smilingly acquiescent in your plans and their promised products. In spring the garden was "looking its best," in summer it was "never so beautiful"; in autumn it was of unparalleled charm. Such is the gardener's judgment of "the Garden that I Love," and such is the fond fancy of all devout lovers of a garden. Some pleasing interludes of conversation occur, in which Lamia and Veronica intervene with the writer and the Poet, not in a panegyric of the garden, but in personal talk, generally of a light and sportive humour. The Poet, indeed, recites some charming lyrics, and in his observations on poets and poetry assumes a graver tone. "Poetry," he remarks, "is the delight, as it is the expression, of very simple or very elevated natures." This is admirably said; and admirably true, also, of those who delight in gardens. Excellent, too, are the comments of the Poet on the "mechanism" of style and diction that results from self-consciousness in a poet. That "the cultivation of a garden promotes the tenderer graces and extends the sweet charities of life" is a

proposition that none will gainsay. "I need no introduction to a person who has a garden," says Mr. Austin; and we are confident that nothing further is needed here by way of introduction to *The Garden that I Love*.

THE HISTORY OF OWNERSHIP.

Primitive Civilizations; or, Outlines of the History of Ownership in Archaic Communities. By E. J. Simcox. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1894.

MISS SIMCOX has written on the History of Ownership a work of portentous dimensions. On a rough calculation we estimate that her two closely packed volumes contain more than half a million of words. The treatise is thus longer than several *Robert Elsmere*s. When compared with the *Republic* of Plato, the *Politics* of Aristotle, *Le Contrat Social*, *L'Esprit des Lois*, or what other important work of the kind you will, Miss Simcox's bulks among these as Ben Nevis might among the Pyramids. The gigantic dimensions, the piling of an Ossa of facts on a Pelion of theories (or rather *vice versa*), can hardly enable Miss Simcox to attain her purpose, which is, no doubt, to be read and to influence opinion on a practical matter. Again, she is rather a disciple of Mr. Stuart Glennie than of Mr. Tylor or Mr. McLennan. She is more concerned about Kushites, and about the very dim and dubious origins and affinities of Babylonians, Egyptians, Chinese, and the rest, than about the barbaric rudiments whence we conceive civilized institutions to have been developed. She appears to distrust, as material for her purpose, all evidence and all materials except written materials. In her introduction (p. 2) Miss Simcox says, "from some points of view it would seem as if the logical way to begin any history of ownership would be to examine the psychological foundations of the human habit of acquisitiveness, as exemplified first among the lower animals and young children, and then among men at the lowest stage of civilization. Such a course has everything in its favour except that it is not historical." By "historical" Miss Simcox seems to mean "attested by written history." We confess that her view is not ours. "Natural history" and unwritten history, vouched for by meaningless survivals among the civilized of institutions vital and significant among the uncivilized, do appear to us, if judiciously handled, to be materials of history. We have not an unbroken series of strata in the remote past of human existence, any more than we have anywhere an unbroken series of geological strata. But we can establish on very fair evidence a typical chain of successive stages of culture, out of which ancient and modern civilizations have apparently arisen. By adopting this scheme, and making due deductions for defective evidence, we can see pretty clearly how the theory and practice of ownership were developed. We can discover how property was made relatively safe and permanent, and how the consent and content of the less comfortable classes were secured.

Now to discover this, and, if possible, to apply old lessons to modern life, is Miss Simcox's aim. Nothing is less secure than modern European ownership. Nothing is fiercer than the discontent of the disinherited. Miss Simcox says, "the condition of the conservatism of ancient States was the content of all, and especially of the most numerous class, with their social status, and the degree of material well-being habitual to it." In the great old civilizations this sufficed. To-day, we shall have to face millions unfed or half-fed—millions who, moreover, want more than food, who claim "a share in the amenities of civilized life." We are all anxious, if only for our own comfort, "to live in a community without victims." If these problems cannot be solved (as probably they cannot), we shall have an "upheaval," a revolution, a revenge, "leaving the world, it may be, in the long run, little better." Indeed, Socialism has, so far, only been practicable in some states of savagery, and to savagery, as M. de Goncourt pointed out, we may very well return. "Man has always been the same unlucky fellow," says Byron.

On the other side, Miss Simcox sees the ancient permanent societies, Egypt and China, for example. How was content secured? How, or how far, did the community exist "without victims"? On these points the comparative anthropological method can enlighten Miss Simcox. From the beginning, all communities have had, and now have, their victims. The destitute Australian black exploits the women and young men. He enslaves the former, and, by a brutal rite, unmans many of the latter. Reaching the Maori stage, and so on to the present hour, other communities everywhere have had their slaves. These were the victims. In modern civilization we hear of "wage-slaves," who do not add to the content and permanence of the State.

Thus there has always been discontent, there have always been

victims—the Israelites in Egypt, for example. They, too, “demonstrated” and robbed. Thus it has always been “the same old game”—a very ill game! Yet Egypt lasted long, and China endures. How was this measure of content obtained? Miss Simcox (ii. 296) draws a pleasing picture of the Chinese artisan, his leisurely ways, his baths, his fans, his absence of dangerous occupations. Then why does the Chinese artisan flock to America and Australia, where his bare existence is “a dangerous occupation,” because he is content to work so much cheaper than white men. Life in China cannot be all tea and peaches. The conditions of Chinese life drive the labourers to emigrate into a very queer paradise. Therefore they must be “victims,” or they would stay at home and expose those other victims, their children. Under “Infanticide” China is not named in Miss Simcox’s useful index. Why not? Is an exposed child not a victim? But if Miss Simcox wants to know how the Chinese labourer is kept contented, let her study the account of the Chinese strikes in the *Standard* for June 5. The ringleaders are to be subjected to the punishment of high treason. Is this not *ling chi*—chopping them up alive? Would Miss Simcox like a photograph of the process? If so, we can accommodate her. The strikers at large are to be banished to “the mosquito and fever lands.” *Tout va bien*, so far. The Chinese Government is like Dr. Grimstone—“I will see a spirit of un murmuring content in this school if I have to flog every boy as long as I can stand over him.” That is how property is made permanent in China. But how did the Chinese Government, or that of any old settled civilization, get this purchase over its “victims”? Here the comparative method will enlighten Miss Simcox. Property is based on superstition, or religion, as you please, and on rank, itself a child of religion or of superstition. A piece of land, a tree, an axe, or what not, is tabooed in certain savage societies, African, Maori, and so on. He who touches the property is unclean and often dies of sheer fright. The owner is “tabooed an inch thick” and sacred; he is really divine. Thus property became possible. Knowledge is the next factor. The medicine man or the priest *knows*, the rest of the tribe does not. In the development of the old civilizations the king in Egypt was a god, and so elsewhere. The nobles were often sacred. The priests could slay with a look or a word. There was begotten a spirit of un murmuring content in the “victims.” In Peru, of which Miss Simcox offers a brief sketch in an appendix, the permanence of ownership was secured by restricting education to a narrow class (as in Egypt), by the divinity of the Inca, and so on. In the Aztec Empire (see *Ixtlilochitl*) were extremes of pauperism; but Montezuma was more or less divine. Thus “content” is secured, by virtue of popular ignorance and superstition, in favoured countries, as Egypt and China, where the food-supply is plentiful. And so it always has been where religion had a hold, till now the Sutherland crofters read newspapers, and are emancipated from even Free Kirk ministers, and claim the land.

This is the lesson of anthropology on ownership. Miss Simcox, turning aside from anthropology, studies, at great length and minutely, ethnology, geography, the family, soils, climates, early written records. As to China and Egypt, she concludes that there was “no aristocracy.” There were divine kings, there was a lettered and potent priesthood, and we are led by Herodotus to surmise that the men who laboured at the pyramids were regarded as “victims.” The masons certainly “struck” on an historical occasion. Slaves and free labourers did their work “under the stick” in Egypt; we look on them, we must confess, as “victims.”

Stability has, hitherto, been secured chiefly in favoured climates, in lands more or less isolated from foreign communications, among peoples very ignorant and very superstitious, where population was checked by plague, war, occasional famine, and (in some places) by habitual infanticide, while order was maintained by dint of divine, or tabooed, rulers, and privileged classes whose privilege is based on faith, or on exclusive knowledge, or both. How is the well-being of the multitude (as far as it went) to be secured in times and lands where every one of these conditions is conspicuously absent, where the reverse of these conditions is conspicuously present? Miss Simcox thinks that we are to apply, scientifically, “the principles of righteousness.” “Encyclopedic wisdom” will be necessary; and, alas! about “the principles of righteousness” Aristotle knew that there existed the utmost divergence of opinion. History, written or unwritten, helps us very little, for the conditions of the problem are new and unexampled. But, if history teaches us anything, it teaches us to expect catastrophe, barbarism, and then the slow evolution of a fresh civilization on old and most unsatisfactory lines. “Man is always the same unlucky fellow.” But Miss Simcox, at all events, does not glide into this fatalism, which is so tempting and so easy. The earnest student will find in her work much matter

which cannot possibly be grappled with in our limits. Here is abundance of facts not elsewhere to be found in combination. But a more discreet and limited selection would have produced a more possible kind of book.

DIPLOMATIC REMINISCENCES OF LORD AUGUSTUS LOFTUS.

The Diplomatic Reminiscences of Lord Augustus Loftus, P.C., G.C.B., 1862-1879. Second Series. London: Cassell & Co. 1894.

THE second series of these Reminiscences is more important, and in some respects more interesting, than the former. For it covers the period of three great wars, and deals with the political reconstruction of parts of Europe and Asia. The veteran diplomatist must still be discreet; but the volumes contain many curious revelations. We see that he enjoyed and deserved the confidence of the leading statesmen in Germany, Austria, and Russia, and we learn that England was much more indebted to his tact, suavity, and sagacity than has hitherto been understood. Suavity is, indeed, his most conspicuous characteristic. In the Reminiscences there is no record of a quarrel, though his position was frequently both delicate and difficult, especially when accredited to St. Petersburg during the time of the Eastern and Asiatic troubles. He has a good word for everybody with whom he was brought in contact, and, in fact, is so invariably genial that we are inclined to accept his impressions with some reserve. When we have added that the book is unnecessarily diffuse, we have said nearly all that is to be said in the way of unfavourable criticism. It was superfluous that his Reminiscences should be comprehensively historical, embracing events in which he had no immediate concern.

If the ambition of a diplomatist is to fill exceptionally important and confidential positions, few have been more fortunate than Lord Augustus. Latterly, when the peace of the world was threatened or disturbed, he was always stationed at the centre of disturbance. His mission to Munich, where he went in 1862, was the prologue of the great dramas at which he assisted. Even then he could clearly read the signs of the impending storms. The question of the Danish Duchies was only to be decided by arms. The settlement of that local matter was but a secondary consideration, for Prussia was resolved to demand what Austria would refuse to concede. It was already determined in Council at Berlin that Prussia must be supreme in Northern Germany, and that the antiquated and cumbrous Germanic Confederation was to be superseded. Transferred from Munich to the Embassy at Berlin, Lord Augustus found Bismarck determined upon war. As to that there can be no doubt, for the Count made no secret of his purpose. He had actually, in 1866, addressed a despatch to Prussia’s German allies, informing them that war with Austria was only a question of time. Lord Augustus says that there was no real justification for the campaign, as regarded the Elbe Duchies. So much so that Count Benedetti, who had consistently opposed the aggressive policy of the strong-willed Prussian Chancellor, remarked to him, “Je défie à M. de Bismarck d’arriver au champ de bataille.” But Benedetti, as was proved afterwards, did not know M. de Bismarck. War for the time might possibly have been avoided had Bismarck been permitted to annex the Duchies for a pecuniary compensation. When he understood that a deed of purchase was out of the question, he extended his ambitious plans. He resolved to raise the whole German question, and to fight for the suzerainty of all Northern Germany to the Main. The die was cast. On the evening of June 15 Lord Augustus chanced to be walking in a garden with the Chancellor. As the clock struck midnight Bismarck took out his watch. “A l’heure qu’il est,” he said, “nos troupes sont entrées en Hanovre, Saxe et Hesse-Cassel.” He added:—“The struggle will be severe. Prussia may lose; but she will at all events have fought bravely and honourably. If we are beaten, I shall not return here. I shall fall in the last charge. One can but die once; and if beaten it is better to die.” Had the King of Hanover listened to the warnings of Lord Augustus, who was an old acquaintance, he would have saved his throne, and died among his devoted subjects. To the last moment Bismarck believed he would support Prussia. He was brought to an unfortunate decision for himself by the sudden arrival of his half-brother, charged with messages from Vienna. Austria had been beaten, but the French Emperor had been befooled. His wavering acquiescence at that critical period was undoubtedly one of the chief causes which led to his fall. As the price of his neutrality, he was always demanding concessions of territory, some of them conceivable and others absurd. Bismarck astutely kept him in play, till the seven weeks were over and Prussia was safe. Then the Chancellor took his stand on the strength of German

sentiment, and declared that the suggested cessions were impossible. Napoleon was unfortunate in his ambassador. Benedetti once after dinner took up Bismarck's helmet and tried it on. "Ah, his head is stronger than mine," he observed, as he put down the headpiece, and he never said a truer thing. There can be no doubt that he was tricked, and that Bismarck told the truth in the famous matter of the secret treaty, which Prussia turned to excellent purpose. But, if Bismarck had been resolved to push matters to extremity with Austria, it is equally evident that he was far from desiring war with France. In fact, everything that Lord Augustus has to tell shows that the French Emperor—although, perhaps, he could hardly help himself—was rushing blindly on his fate. Short of actual cessions of German territory, Prussia would have yielded anything in reason, and no statesman with either patriotism or self-respect could have admitted the ever-increasing pretensions of the French Cabinet. As for the French version of the famous historical incident at Ems, it is demonstrated to be a scandalous piece of mendacity. Yet Prussia could hardly have accepted the French challenge if Russia had not been previously "squared." Prince Gortschakoff had paid an unofficial visit to Berlin. What passed between him and Bismarck Lord Augustus could not learn at the time. It was revealed when Russia—prematurely—broached the question of revising the Treaty of 1856. He had stipulated on conditions for the neutrality of Russia, but the time of pressing the claim was extremely inconvenient. But, as Prussia had her hands full in France, she was forced to risk the displeasure of England, and as our old Crimean ally was paralysed, we allowed Russia to have her way. Lord Augustus did what he could, suggesting to Lord Granville that it would be advisable to send an agent to Versailles to confer personally with Count Bismarck, and the result was a well-known mission.

In 1872 he was accredited to St. Petersburg. The post was generally made pleasant enough, though, as he remarks, he was not always upon velvet. Nothing could be more courteous than his treatment by the Czar, who invariably spoke to him with apparent candour and unreserve. Even when he had to touch on thorny and disagreeable topics, his relations were always tolerably smooth with Prince Gortschakoff and the other Ministers. But our convictions are unpleasantly confirmed as to the impossibility of relying upon Russian pledges. We wish we could assent to the optimistic predictions of Lord Augustus as to the future relations of the two Empires in Asia. What he gives us is an almost unbroken record of falsified promises and broken pledges. Even the autocratic Czar cannot contend against the two great impulses of fanatical national sentiment and the unwieldy military machine. If religious enthusiasm and Pan-alavist sympathies are thoroughly excited by the Church and the press, war is the only means of allaying them. The generals and officers in Central Asia will always break away from distant control, and are eager to foment any disturbances that may give promotion, or distinction, or the decorations they covet. Doubtless they are pretty well assured that success justifies disobedience. The Emperor and his councillors unanimously ridiculed the idea of Russia attempting the invasion of India. But all their policy while Lord Augustus was at their Court tended towards exciting troubles among the warlike tribes on our frontiers.

It is certain that it was chiefly that force of popular feeling which drifted the Czar into the war with Turkey. Personally and essentially he was as pacific as his son. Repeatedly he sought to reassure our ambassador as to the ambitious designs attributed to him by England. He aimed at no aggrandizement; he had no desire to possess Constantinople. When his mind was made up for war, after the defeat of the Servians, he showed himself very little of a prophet. He declared, in answer to objections from Lord Augustus, that there was no question of establishing kingdoms of Roumania and Servia, and that it would be a folly to do so. But Lord Augustus severely comments on the insanity of the Porte in resisting the counsels of united Europe. At that time, when there was much of mystery in the Russian proceedings, he asked Prince Gortschakoff whether he had any objection to the publication in a Parliamentary Blue-book of a particular despatch. The laconic answer was *Fiat lux*. When the invading armies had crossed the Balkans, and were advancing on the Turkish capital, "I cautiously said to my intimate friends—in the way of friendship and not of menace (knowing that it would be repeated at headquarters)—*N'allez pas à Constantinople—c'est la guerre*. I was told afterwards that the Grand Duke Nicholas was greatly disappointed at receiving stringent orders from the Emperor not to enter Constantinople, so that my warning was not without effect." When the intolerably grasping Treaty of San Stefano was to be submitted to the revision of Europe at Berlin, it was Lord Augustus who suggested—and, by a strange hazard, to General

Ignatieff of all persons—that the most formidable preliminary difficulties might be removed by a private understanding between England and Russia. And so Count Schouvaloff received full powers to settle the basis of an understanding with Lord Salisbury. The interesting volumes are brought to a close with the story of the Congress of Berlin, when, after an eight years' sojourn at St. Petersburg, Lord Augustus was relieved of his onerous duties at his own desire. It was no unwelcome change when he was sent to a more genial climate in the Antipodes to fill the post of Governor of New South Wales.

YACHTING.

Badminton Library—Yachting. By Sir Edward Sullivan, Bart., and others. 2 vols. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1894.

IT is a long, and not a satisfactory, business to criticize a wood tree by tree. But there would be no other way of going to work with these two volumes on Yachting, in the "Badminton Library," if we attempted to do them fully. And that would be too much for human patience when one considers that the tree is pretty much the same tree. To speak without a figure, we think that these two volumes have too many authors, and that their contributions are too much alike. No less than ten gentlemen contribute to the first volume, and twelve to the second. Three, indeed, write in both, so that, in fact, there are only nineteen different authors to this one work. In our humble opinion, this is fourteen too many at least. Nineteen authors all writing like mad cannot produce the thing called book, but only the other and inferior thing called compilation. We shall not name the five who, in our opinion, could have done Yachting for the "Badminton Library" more to our mind than it has been executed by the whole nineteen. That would be invidious. Besides, our complaint is, not that any particular paper is bad, but that there is too much of the same kind of writing. That yachting is great fun; that "a wet sheet and a flowing sail, and a wind that follows fast" are acceptable to the manly spirit; that the presence of woman, lovely woman, does no harm—these and similar propositions, which an ill-conditioned person might be tempted to describe as "yachting jaw," are repeated more than enough. Sir Edward Sullivan does it in a breezy, spirited way; Lord Dufferin has a light touch; others have their merits—but once is enough. However, we desire to speak under correction. The volumes are meant chiefly for yachting-men, and they, as far as our opportunities for observation extend, can never have too much of the savoury talk their souls love. A whole volume on clubs here and clubs there is, doubtless, not too much for them.

For the benefit of such yachting-men as have not had their eye on the volumes already (a small minority, probably), and of other readers who wish to get such an idea as books can give of what the sport is, we shall briefly state what they may expect to find in this one. There is a capital introduction by Sir Edward Sullivan, which will show the select minority of mankind who can afford two hundred pounds a month on their pleasures, that a schooner yacht is much cheaper than hotels for a large party. Sir Edward says, with agreeable candour, that he does not like a storm. There are yachtsmen of a hundredth part of his experience who would shrink from the confession; but the man who says he does like a storm has either never been in one, or—but we will leave the reader to supply the alternative. Sir Edward has also some caustic remarks on the modern ironclad, and ventures a prophecy, or at least a fervent hope, that a sailing ship rigged for racing will some day replace that monster. We should like to see his ship, but not to be in the middle of the general average which machine-guns would make in her spars. Lord Brassey sends a paper on "Ocean Cruising," Mr. Seth-Smith one on "Corinthian Deep-Sea Cruising," which a few of our readers may require to be told means cruising with an amateur crew, and Sir George Leach writes "Recollections of Schooner Racing." In this article, as in various others, we hear a good deal of the famous *America*, which may be said, indeed, to pop in and out through the two volumes. Mr. E. F. Knight writes of "Fitting out a Fifty-tonner to go Foreign" as might be expected of the author of *The Cruise of the Falcon*. It is not a pleasure which can be enjoyed by many, for the owner must be a good seaman himself, and must take a "Corinthian" crew. Moreover, he must be prepared to face "dissensions" with a cheerful mind. Mr. E. F. Knight has much experience, and his words have weight. A second paper on "Baltic Cruising" is lively. With all due respect to the other contributors to this first volume, we do not find any of their papers such profitable reading as Mr. G. L. Watson's on "The Evolution of the Modern Racing Yacht." Mr. Watson explains the how and why without a superfluity of technical terms, and will tell the reader what

causes have led to the building of yachts in their present forms, and propound to him the mysterious influences of time allowance and measurement on the shipbuilder's art. Mr. Pritchett's few pages on "Sliding Keels and Centre-boards" ought, we think, to have contained more about Captain Schanks than the mention of his name as the designer of the *Trial* cutter. Nor do we see why it was "curious" that Lionel Lukin (Mr. Pritchett, by the way, spells it Luken), the coachbuilder, should have been one of the first to take out a patent for a sliding keel. The thing was no invention of his, but had been brought over from America by Lord Percy and Captain Schanks, before he wrote his pamphlet in 1785. Lukin, too, was fond of boating, and was a man of considerable mechanical skill. He was much more likely to favour an innovation than the "practical seaman or naval architect" of the day, who were respectively persons much bound by routine.

The second volume is devoted to clubs, and racing at home and abroad. The notice of early English yachting is somewhat scrappy. There are the usual quotations from Pepys, but no mention of the capital passage in Roger North's autobiography. Nor do we see any notice of Fielding's rebuke of his countrymen for their little taste for boating. It is in the *Voyage to Lisbon*. It appears as if the taste for yachting, which was strong in England in the seventeenth century, died down, though not quite out, in the eighteenth. The reason is not far to seek. Between the very real risk of being snapped up by a French privateer, and the certainty that your crew would be pressed for His Majesty's service if one of his officers got his eye on it, the yachtsman's life would have been too exciting. It is very doubtful whether the plea that you were all Corinthians would have held good in the opinion of a zealous frigate captain who was short of his full complement. In Dublin, which was remote, the sport appears to have had a more continuous existence. Both volumes are copiously illustrated, and well. The processed reproductions of photographs are commendably free from the splashiness which is the common vice of such things.

AMONG THE MOORS.

Among the Moors: Sketches of Oriental Life. By G. Montbard. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1894.

A LIVELY Frenchman is tolerably sure to write pleasantly about a *guinguette* or an *estaminet* in the suburbs of Paris. But he is still more amusing when on a foreign tour with companions of whom two or three are Englishmen. M. Montbard made a six weeks' trip to Tangier, Fez, Mequinez, and other places in Morocco, with friends who were on the staff of the *Illustrated London News*, and who duly sent sketches of men, manners, and places to that excellent periodical. Whether any of M. Montbard's narrative has previously appeared in print we are not sure, but his pages are capital reading in their English dress. In the first place, the author invariably uses the historical present tense, and brings before the reader all his mishaps, perils, and adventures. He has an excellent eye for local colour, and hits off Sheikh and pilgrim, old hags and maidens, lean dogs, camels dead and dying, hideous lepers, the Roman ruin and the Muhammadan mosque, with fidelity to nature. He would not be a Frenchman if he did not occasionally give way to humorous exaggeration, and we regret to say that he has formed a very unfavourable opinion of the Oriental, or, as he terms it, the Semitic character. Islam, he tells us, is an eternal failure amongst civilized nations. It is now on the point of committing suicide. The Arab is a fatalist, a barbarian, a robber, an abominable rascal, who from a remote period has plundered caravans, carried off women, laid plains waste, and scoured the blue waves of the Mediterranean in a pirate's bark. Then let us hear him on the filth and squalor of an Eastern bazaar, which he designates by its Arabic phrase, the Suk. All the resources of the French language are employed, not once or twice, but on at least thirty occasions, to make us realize the squalor and the mud, the decaying vegetation, the dead animals, the acrid vapours, the intolerable stenches, the "glabrous walls," and the open sewers, through which he picked his way to the house of some well-bred Muhammadan, who received him with the dignified and high-bred courtesy that, somehow, these Semitic robbers rarely fail to show. M. Montbard, after these severe strictures, is constrained to admit that the interior of Moorish houses is scrupulously clean and neat, and that outside, with all the "stercus odoriferæ colluviesque viz," there were pointed arches, arabesques, mosaics, and specimens of Moorish art, which ought to be carried to the credit side in balancing accounts. We find a difficulty in identifying some of the Arabic phrases, scattered plentifully over this narrative. Perhaps this is owing to the French system of transliteration, which differs widely from that now recognized and adopted by Oriental scholars in

England. By *mouna*, which occurs very often, we understand provisions or supplies on a march. A *douar* seems to be a village, or collection of tents. The Arabic spoken in North Africa is not up to the standard of Cairo or Damascus. Generally speaking the English translation of M. Montbard is correct. In any case it is animated, and the flavour of the original is still discernible. But some terms are not translated at all.

M. Montbard and his party travelled on mules, with a fair retinue of savants, cooks, porters, and tents which they pitched whenever they could not find decent accommodation within walls. The climate was enjoyable enough. Every now and then they were drenched with copious showers before arriving at their camp. They passed a miserable night or two under wet canvas. An unlucky baggage-mule missed a ford, sank in a hole, and was rescued with difficulty, wetting the fur cloak of one of the party and all the clean linen of another. A servant was detected in the act of thieving and, we are not surprised to hear, was summarily chastised in Arab fashion. Occasionally the commissariat was a failure. Here, however, the Englishman's love of sport supplied the deficiency. Two, if not three, of the party were keen sportsmen, and instead of turning aside, as M. Montbard would have them do, to admire "curious ruins, wonderful landscapes, and picturesque rivers," they obstinately persisted in starting off to kill red-legged partridges, snipe and plover, and an occasional hare. It does not seem as if the author, while devoting these *impitoyables chasses* to "gods infernal," was at all disinclined to avail himself of the results of the *chasse* in the shape of a soup or a stew à la Meg Merrilies of Darnleugh. The author's exploits in the sporting line were not very remarkable. Once he explained to a schoolmaster and his pupils the mechanism of a breechloader, when "their surprise becomes stupefaction." A vulture is "wheeling within shot," and M. Montbard brings it down, whereupon the boys scramble for the copper socket of the empty cartridge. On another occasion he shoots larks as they rise on the wing; and an unfortunate hare commits suicide by running against the muzzle of his gun. Sporting incidents, however, take up but a small space. The author's descriptive powers, as we have said, are very considerable, and the letterpress is helped and illustrated by a series of excellent sketches. For a considerable space the route lay along the shores of the sea; but whether the author writes of barren plains or rich cultivation, clear streams or tidal water, tombs and mosques, doorways and bazaars impervious to the sun, garish daylight or balmy evening, the language is never tame, and the descriptions are always lifelike. With exception of the furious denunciation of decrepit Islam, there are no tedious political disquisitions. These travellers simply went to see what they could in a six weeks' tour. The following extracts are examples of the author's style, and we could have no difficulty in giving fifty similar passages. Here he hits off a bit of jungle:—

'We clear a passage through stunted evergreen oaks, terebinths, oleanders. In some places the branches are entwined above our heads, forming an arcade. Now and again there is a brisk rustling of branches, a strong waving of foliage, a sudden halt of the dogs. It is a wild boar surprised in his lair who has been put to flight by our presence, and has rushed with a bound into the thicket. Blackbirds rise on the wing with shrill cries. Big snakes glide over the mossy stones,' &c.

By way of contrast, here is the Arab town:—

'We pass a high ruined gateway, more wretched than any we have seen. In some nooks women squat near baskets of oranges, and Arabs selling dates and dried figs are crouching. Not far off in half tumble-down shops, whose decayed beggars description, odds and ends of every variety are heaped up; rusty sabres with handles of rhinoceros horn, yataghans, old powder flasks of fantastic shapes, lances, guns, tambourines, flutes, harness, pottery, and all these relics of bygone days stranded there are worn, broken, and shrivelled, like the frail old men with dim eyes who handle them with their decrepit hands.'

It is satisfactory to note that although one of the party, Mr. Marshall, was struck down with fever and had to be carried on board his steamer more dead than alive, he eventually recovered. Another and a well-known African traveller remained behind in Morocco to manipulate the elections and make a running for the post of Sultan. The author himself and a compatriot are learning Arabic, and have vague thoughts of turning Mussalmans; while of two faithful dogs that bore them company, one, Don, is left at Tangier to teach the wild dogs of Islam the virtuous manners of the canine tribe of Albion, while the other, Rover, has learnt to bark in Arabic, and amuses his friends with strange stories of the loose ways and curious customs of their Eastern confrères.

NEW MUSIC.

WE have received half a dozen short cantatas from Novello & Co. "John Gilpin," a setting of Cowper's ever-green ballad for chorus and orchestra, by S. P. Waddington, is a capital piece of work. Even in the abridged version used here, one would expect a purely choral treatment, without the relief of solo voices, to become monotonous; but Mr. Waddington has avoided that difficulty with surprising success. He rattles gaily along with unflagging life and ease from start to finish in just the right spirit of homely good-humour, and carries the hearer with him, good-humour and all. "The Sands of Dee," by Oliver King, is hardly more than a part song with orchestral accompaniment, though duly entitled a "Ballad for chorus and orchestra." It is too late in the day to protest against misuse of the word "ballad," which has from time to time been applied to anything and everything in the way of song; so we will merely note that since Dr. Stanford set "The Revenge" to music it appears to have acquired a new meaning, and to be now used of any secular choral work without solos, in contradistinction to the "cantata." However that may be, Mr. King has set Kingsley's musical little poem very happily. In writing for children it is not necessary, or even advisable, to be childish, as the author of "Summer by the Sea," a cantata for female (or boys') voices, seems to imagine. The music, by Luard B. Selby, is graceful and suitable, and deserves better material than this mawkish stuff. Nor can we say much more for "The House of Titania," a pretty, but very weak, production of a similar kind. "Little Red Riding-Hood," another cantata for female voices, by J. M. Crament, has the most dramatic of nursery tales for a subject, but hardly presents it to advantage. Certain "nymphs" are introduced as a chorus, and they spin the action out to a tedious length, besides spoiling the exciting duologue between the wolf and the heroine by a running choral accompaniment. In "Robert of Sicily" Mr. F. K. Hatteraley has hit upon a first-rate libretto, and has treated it with considerable power and freedom in a thoroughly modern style—rather too modern, in fact. The voice parts are often exceedingly trying, and equally ungrateful. In this respect the composer might with advantage take a hint from Sir Arthur Sullivan, to whom the work is dedicated.

"Songs from Shakspeare" is a very interesting album containing the "earliest known settings" of seven Shakspearian lyrics, edited by Dr. Bridge. Two settings are given of "Full Fathom Five," "O Mistress Mine," "Where the Bee Sucks," and the Willow song. The period to which these versions belong extends from the end of the sixteenth to the middle of the seventeenth century; but some of the tunes are traditional and no doubt considerably older. A volume containing *all* the known settings, ancient and modern, of Shakspeare's songs would be still more interesting; we offer the suggestion to some enterprising publisher.

We have previously drawn attention to Novello's excellent series of "School Songs" in Tonic sol-fa and Staff Notation. The latest volumes (Books 20-31) consist chiefly of unison songs, from which it appears that more and more interest is being taken in the most elementary forms of musical education. This is as it should be; but do those concerned sufficiently realize the extreme importance of introducing the very best models from the outset? Mere simplicity of tune and unimpeachable morality of sentiment are not all that is required for children; they need thoroughly good and genuine art, of which, indeed, they are often keener judges than their elders. Whatever their musical capacity, whether great or little, it will best respond to the best in music, of course within the necessary limits; and only a taste founded and formed on the best will prove an effective check to the pernicious and growing influence of music-hall melodies. Some of these new "School Songs" are well enough, but the general standard is surely too low both in words and music, and a good many ring deplorably false. Better be honest and vulgar than artificial and sickly.

It would be difficult to imagine anything more perfect of its kind than the set of "Six Elizabethan Pastorals" (Novello's *Part Song Book*, Nos. 704-709) composed by Professor Stanford for four-part chorus (unaccompanied). The writing is solid and classical enough for the best seventeenth-century standard, without being in the least dull or heavy; nor is any unusual demand made upon the performers, though of course good singing is required. One seldom comes across any new part-songs so satisfactory alike to the choir that sings and the audience that hears them. A precisely parallel set of "Four Part Songs," by W. H. Speer (Stanley Lucas, Weber, & Co.), shows even greater ingenuity in reproducing the Elizabethan spirit, but on that very account they are somewhat less likely to find general favour. As specimens of absolute music, however, in the way of vocal part-writing, they reflect extraordinary credit on a young composer.

Three songs by Johann Sebastian Bach (Novello & Co.) should attract the attention of connoisseurs. They were originally transcribed for the Bach Society of Leipzig from the "music-books" kept by Bach's second wife, "into which it was her wont to copy out such pieces, both vocal and instrumental, as took her fancy, and to which her husband occasionally contributed." They have been admirably edited and supplied with an accompaniment by C. A. Barry. The English version of the words is by C. F. Hernaman, and exceptionally good. "I love thee," by A. Davidson Arnott, is a much stronger setting of Hood's love-song than the familiar one by Miss Hope Temple, but not likely to be so popular with singers. On the other hand, "Little Coquette," by Berthold Tours, has all the elements of popularity, being very simple, taking, and—ordinary.

J. Curwen & Sons send us Part I. of Dr. William Mason's *Touch and Technique*, which is a new system of teaching "artistic pianoforte-playing by means of a new combination of exercise-forms and method of practice, conducing rapidly to equality of finger-power, facility, and expressive quality of tone." This prospectus does not inspire confidence; for short cuts to artistic accomplishment by new methods generally resemble short cuts to wealth by new systems of Stock Exchange speculation. Nor are our doubts lessened by learning that the new method is scientific and based on anatomical principles. We cannot here discuss Dr. Mason's theories; but, so far as we understand his argument—which is not so clearly expressed as it might be—the anatomical part of it is sheer nonsense. Practically, however, his method may be excellent, and we are inclined to think that there is a good deal in it. At any rate, it is by no means the cheap and perfunctory business one is accustomed to associate with "rapid methods," and Mr. Ridley Prentice, who edits the work, and speaks from experience, gives it a high testimonial. Teachers of the pianoforte will find the book interesting, and possibly valuable.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Quelques années de ma vie. Par Mme. Octave Feuillet. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
De Montmartre à Montrouge: étude d'éthnographie parisienne. Par Le Mansois-Duprey. Paris: Jouvet.
Lectures maritimes. Par Léon D. bois. London: Macmillan.
Depuis. Par Auguste Vacquerie. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
La vie mystique. Par Edouard Schuré. Paris: Perrin.
Rimes viriles. Par Jules Noiril. Bordeaux: Moquet.

IT is some time since a fresher and quainter book of personal reminiscences has appeared in France than those of Mme. Octave Feuillet. There is, perhaps, a very little *minauderie* in the style—nobody with so much talent as Mme. Feuillet undoubtedly has could be quite so artless as she sometimes makes herself out to be. But this is very soon forgotten, and even at first it needs very little effort to forgive it in the quaint profusion of detail about persons and manners. Although apparently devoted to her husband, and exceedingly proud of him, Mme. Feuillet does not conceal from us that that distinguished novelist was in some respects not quite heroic. He had all Carlyle's horror of the slightest noise at his work, and Mme. Feuillet had nearly Mrs. Carlyle's troubles in getting rid of it for him. In fact, he was so dependent on her that, not content with having established himself at their country house in a separate building across the road, he had an alarm-bell rigged up there. Many times a day did the devoted wife hear an agonized tintinnabulation, which meant that cocks were crowing or cows lowing, or something dreadful happening, whereat she sallied forth and grappled with the enemy. Further, the author of *M. de Camors* had for years a terror of the railway, and it was long before even the immense expense of posting from the Cotentin to Paris could induce even his economical Norman soul to face the horror. In fact, he seems to have been a mere bundle of nerves. His letters, however, from Compiègne and Saint-Cloud and other places contain some curious details, and exhibit a very amiable disposition. They were numerous; for his wife (she says because, if she had lived at Court, she could not have trusted herself not to go out too much and spend too much money on dress) did not regularly take up her abode in his official rooms as Librarian.

She saw, however, a good deal of Court life both in Paris and elsewhere, and seems to have had a faculty of getting into mild scrapes. Once in Paris, finding herself alone at a masquerade-ball, where she and her husband had come early, she began to practise a war-dance in her fancy dress before a huge mirror till, turning round at a stifled chuckle, she found herself sedately watched by—the Emperor! Again, at Cherbourg, when she was about to be presented to the Duke of Somerset, who, as First Lord, was there with the British fleet at anchor, she discovered,

on going up the steps of a high dais, that, though otherwise in great *tenuis*, she had forgotten her footgear, and was shod with bedroom slippers. She gives a minute account of the last fight of the *Alabama*, which she saw pretty close; and with this, as historic documents, may be classed a very pathetic story by Feuillet himself of the hysteric attack caused to the Empress by the gross rudeness of a young cub—who has since, on the strength of it, been made a kind of Republican hero—to the Prince Imperial. Both earlier than these, and later, we have all sorts of curious details of provincial life and society in the rather out-of-the-way, but not unfamous, corner of Normandy to which both husband and wife (who were cousins) belonged. One of Feuillet's virtues, or weaknesses, was to let himself be most atrociously bullied by his father, a wicked old Turk of a free-thinker and invalid, who twice drove his young daughter-in-law out of doors, declaring that she made too much noise (for this mania seems to have been hereditary), but insisted that his son should continue to take care of him. Including family traditions, the book goes back to the Revolution, though Mme. Feuillet herself was not born till 1832. But it goes no further than the *Année Terrible*; and in its liveliest and most characteristic first-hand sketches, not so far. We hope, however, that the book will not stop here, for if there is any more of it (as to which and other points there is no kind of authorial or editorial information given) it will be very welcome, and can hardly from this specimen be disappointing. We may add that it is better worth the attention of the translator (especially as its matter is the great attraction) than half the French books which have recently had that labour bestowed on them.

M. Le Mansois-Duprey has composed a brief, readable, light, and neither extravagantly nor ill-naturedly jocose sketch of the Parisian as a type, and then of the various provincialities and nationalities as they present themselves in and out of Paris. With a few quite pardonable touches of Chauvinism, there is shrewdness and sense in the essay. It ends with a classification of the different Academies and other bodies. In most of them Parisians are far more largely represented than provincials, and it is odd that the group in which this is least noticeable is that of the members for Paris.

We can very heartily recommend M. Léon Debois's *Lectures maritimes*, a series of readings drawn up so as to set out naval terms, usages, and so forth in French. The author as French teacher on board the *Britannia* has unusual opportunities for ensuring technical accuracy, and his considerable practice in teaching and editing literature proper could not but stand him in good stead. For the worst of technical handbooks to a foreign language is exactly this, that expert and literary competence are very rarely found together. Here, so far as we can judge, they are so found, and the result is excellent.

Of three volumes of verse before us, we cannot but give the preference to that of M. Auguste Vacquerie, an "old of the old" who has never wavered in his devotion to high poetry. But we have seen better things of M. Vacquerie's than this volume contains. "*Mes années de Jersey*" is a following of Hugo in his smallest and least happy vein of personal-political rancour, where an affectation of Olympian scorn does not in the least hide frantic annoyance. The sweeter and nobler "*Victorisms*" of the opening piece and some others are much better, and "*Souviens-toi*" is admirable, as is the "*No. XII.*" of "*A Paris et à Villequier.*" But the other mood—the mood of exaggeration—acrid but not effective, grandiloquent but not magnanimous, is too common.

M. Schuré's book announces itself very fairly, and does not belie its title. The rhyme is fairly rich, the prose fairly good, and some of the more objective pieces at the end—"La courtisane et le Rishi," &c.—are not ineffective attempts in the style of M. Leconte de Lisle.

M. Noirit's is a not uninteresting collection of occasional verses, apparently written at considerable intervals of time, and varying from satire to history, from description to politics. It is a pity that M. Noirit seems to have a quarrel with newspapers and theatres, and insists on it rather tediously.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

LIKE other things, Napoleonic literature seems to be affected by the law of rhythmical progression. Some fifty years since the "*Man of Destiny*" was presented to us, by various writers, as subjected to the second recurrent period of depression. Of late years the tendency has been towards exaltation, or white-wash—whichever point of view is taken the direction is heroic. Baron Claude-François de Méneval's *Memoirs of Napoleon*, the English translation of which, by Mr. R. H. Sherard, is now being published by Messrs. Hutchinson & Co., may be said to represent

the height of the ascending Napoleonic wave of to-day, just as the *Memoirs of Bourrienne* represent the first wave of depression. Nothing could be more different from the spirit of Bourrienne's work than the tone adopted by Napoleon's private secretary, the successor to Bourrienne, in these *mémoires pour servir*. Every part of this *livre de bonne foy*, as the Baron styles it, shows how completely the writer was captivated by the magnetic influence of Napoleon. He appears, to quote his own poetic language, as the ever-faithful satellite of the sun in whose sphere of attraction he never ceased to revolve. Whether he is dealing with some much-vent question, as the rupture of the Peace of Amiens, or narrating his interesting recollections of life at La Malmaison, or the duties and dignities of official relations with Napoleon at the Tuileries, devotion and admiration animate his page. The disposition to make the best of a bad matter, which is so conspicuous in his elaborate, if somewhat laboured, account of the arrest and execution of the Duc d'Enghien, is one of the most remarkable proofs of devotion comprised in this first volume. In connexion with this affair, as in other portions of the book, Mr. Sherard has appended certain notes to his capable translation, which may, indeed, be useful to the English reader. As to the Baron's denunciations of Pitt, and English gold, and the rest—these things require no annotation.

Glimpses of Four Continents, by the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos (John Murray), is a pleasant record of a tour round the world, set forth in a series of letters that are chiefly descriptive of the writer's impressions of Australia and New Zealand. It was in those colonies that the Duchess lingered most on her voyage, and found most material for her pen and pencil. Her bright and chatty descriptions of drives and picnics in New South Wales—to the Blue Mountains and their caves and ravines—or in New Zealand, in North Island and in South, and along the coast, are illustrated by some pretty sketches, which, like the letters they accompany, have the freshness of impressions recorded on the spot.

In his agreeable preface to Miss Helen Peel's *Polar Gleams* (Arnold), Lord Dufferin contrasts the daring enterprises of his youth, as a yachtsman, with the remarkable voyage undertaken by Miss Helen Peel, who, following the old North-Eastern trade channels of Willoughby and Chancellor, successfully navigated the Kara Sea. Lord Dufferin remembers "thinking it quite an achievement getting as far as Iceland and the Lofoden Islands," but he is bound to confess that such an exploit is a small matter compared with Miss Peel's adventure "into thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice," among the Samoyede and the walrus. The voyage of which Miss Peel tells in this cheerful volume suggests to Lord Dufferin "the untamable audacity of our modern maidens." Perhaps the courage of the voyager will appear the more admirable to readers who are, like Miss Peel, indifferent or bad sailors. It was from the Devonshire coast, in the famous old gunboat the *Pandora*, rechristened the *Blencathra*, that Miss Peel set forth on her voyage to the lone Siberian coast and the mouth of the Yenesei, accompanied by a steamer with a cargo of rails, intended for the Trans-Siberian railway, in the charge of Captain Wiggins. At Vardoe the English vessels were joined by three Russian ships, the whole fleet forming the most important expedition that has crossed the Kara Sea. After a decidedly tempestuous time at first, good fortune seems to have attended the voyage. "Our navigation through the Kara Sea," writes Miss Peel, "was perfectly delightful," and she felt as if they were making a peaceful progress through some Southern waters, so entirely absent were the terrors of the Arctic Sea. Like other travellers in high latitudes, she was fascinated by the solitude and desolation, the vast ice-fields, the brilliant colour and exhilarating atmosphere. By the help of a "kodak," some capital illustrations of scenery and of Lapps and Samoyedes were secured, which embellish the pages of her volume. In some additional chapters Captain Wiggins relates his voyage up the Yenesei to Yeniseiak, and gives an interesting account of the progress of the new railway which is to unite Vladivostock and St. Petersburg.

Mr. John Fiske's *Life and Letters of Edward Livingston Youmans* (Chapman & Hall) deals with the career of a writer and lecturer who heralded the dawn of modern science in America, and, in spite of defective training and years of blindness, did more than any other man to prepare Americans to rejoice in the light of Darwin. Through the New York publishers, Messrs. Appleton & Co., Dr. E. L. Youmans introduced the writings of Darwin, Carpenter, Helmholtz, Tyndall, Mr. Huxley, Mr. Herbert Spencer, and other writers to the American public. He prosecuted this useful work with something of the zeal of the middleman and the enthusiasm of the missionary. He was an indefatigable lecturer in the States, and his keen interest in all the current movements of modern science is convincingly shown in the corre-

spondence with Mr. Huxley, Mr. Spencer, and others, which Mr. Fiske prints in this volume, and in the appended selections from his writings.

We are disposed to envy the young people of the day whose "First Lesson Books" take so delightful a form as Miss Agnes Gibberne's first lessons in astronomy, *The Starry Skies* (Seeley & Co.), and Mr. A. Seeley's "First Geography," *The Great Globe* (Seeley & Co.) Nothing could be more attractive nor more practical than the method of these excellent little books. There is an effective simplicity in the style of exposition, and an admirable clearness of definition in the scope of the lessons. The capital woodcuts, also, are of the kind that should leave a pleasant impression with the young, since they are strictly illustrative of the matter dealt with.

As "a study in ethics" *Doctor Quodlibet* (Leadenhall Press), a story by the author of "Culmshire Folk," may provide material for casuists, and will move the admiration of some, we cannot doubt, by the heroic example it presents of the self-sacrifice of a lover. There is novelty in the leading situation of the story, where the hero finds himself in the sudden horrors of a railway accident confronted with his enemy and rival, who dies of his injuries in the carriage. He is discovered with his hand in the dead man's pocket, and is charged with robbery, of which he is, indeed, convicted by a jury, and narrowly escapes conviction on a charge of murder. The case is ingeniously devised, if not a little improbable. What the unhappy hero really was attempting was merely the transfer from his own possession to his enemy's pocket of certain penny paper insurances. Dr. Quodlibet, the Bishop, thinks that he did well in this matter, and the Bishop, as the reader will allow, was a nice practitioner in ethics.

"If lost, why protect?" is a question that may visit the reader who takes up Mr. W. H. Hudson's extremely interesting pamphlet, *Lost British Birds*, which is issued by the Society for the Protection of Birds, and is illustrated with drawings of the Bittern, the Great Auk, the Crane, the Spoonbill, the black-tailed Godwit, and other British birds of the past, from the accomplished hand of Mr. A. D. McCormick. Mr. Hudson's booklet, however, deals with some species that have recently become extinct, and might easily have been preserved, were it not for the destructive and wanton work of the Cockney sportsman, the ignorant gamekeeper, and the voracious collector. If the Bustard, Great and Little, has disappeared beyond hope of recovery, there are several birds that are nearing extinction owing to the ravages of the three typical enemies named by Mr. Hudson. As Sir John Lubbock observed, in his recent address to the Selborne Society, some of these "lost birds" might be recovered if there were any certainty of assuring them hospitable welcome. Up to the present, legislation has not proved effective. As to the protection of the eggs in the nest, we are convinced that the destruction caused by bird's-nesters is as nothing compared with the destruction caused by the gun of the gamekeeper and the "sportsman." No strange and rare visiting bird has the remotest chance of survival for a week in the land, so many are they that lie in wait for him.

Mr. William Thomson offers *A Prospectus of Socialism* (Reeves) and "A Glimpse of the Millennium" to the enraptured gaze, in which "Magnificent Palaces" or "Communal Hotels," "Great and Magnificent Farms," and other wondrous examples of Socialistic engineering are described with tantalizing minuteness. How alluring those visions are may be gathered from the pictures of "the Mothers" serving their families at the dinner-hour in the Magnificent Palace (pp. 30-34). Under the New System, we are told, Literature will be freed, and "amateurs would have full liberty to exercise their talents"—as if they had not the liberty under the present benighted system, unhampered, too, by the tyranny of the "Board of Editors," which in Mr. Thomson's scheme is to pronounce upon the value of their writings. But the whole "Prospectus" is incredibly silly.

To the "Golden Treasury" series a notable addition is the volume of *Selections from the Poems of Arthur Hugh Clough* (Macmillan & Co.), which comprises, in the first place, Clough's finest poem, the "Bothie," and extracts from "Dipsychus" and "Amours de Voyage," and a good representation of yet earlier work. Later poems, written after the poet's prolonged silence subsequent to his official duties in the Education Office, are not included, as not well adapted for selection in the editor's opinion. But the best of Clough is in this little book, and much of it is, indeed, good.

Of Messrs. Bell's new series of "Modern Translations" we have Racine's *Athalie* and *Esther*, by Mr. R. Bruce Boswell; Molière's *Tartuffe*, *L'Avare*, *Le Misanthrope*, *Le Médecin malgré lui*, and *Le Bourgeois gentilhomme*, by Mr. C. Heron Wall; *Die Karavane of Hauff*, by Mr. S. Mendel; and Lessing's *Nathan der Weise*, by Mr. Dillon Boylan.

Among new editions we note *A Son of the Soil*, by Mrs. Oliphant (Macmillan & Co.); *Stephen Archer*, by George Mac Donald (Sampson Low & Co.); *Dorothy Wordsworth*, by Edmund Lee (Clarke & Co.); *Three Emperresses*, by Caroline Gearey (Digby, Long, & Co.); and a second edition of *Damon*, a Manual of Greek Iambic Composition, by Messrs. J. Herbert Williams and W. H. D. Rouse, M.A. (Rivington, Percival, & Co.)

We have also received *Trusts, Pools, and Corners*, by J. Stephen Jeans (Methuen & Co.); *The Parish Councils Act Explained*, by J. Theodore Dodd, M.A. (Cox), "Larger Edition"; *Manual of Practical Logarithms*, by W. N. Wilson, M.A. (Rivington, Percival, & Co.); *The Scientific Basis for a Future State*, by W. J. Spratly, (Digby, Long, & Co.); *A Practical Ready Reference Guide to Parish Councils and Meetings*, by J. Harris Stone, M.A., and J. G. Pease, B.A. (Philip & Son); *The "Gentlewoman" Handbook of Education*, by Miss Mabel Hawtrey and J. S. Wood ("The Gentlewoman" Office); Addison's *Essays and Tales*, "National Library" series (Cassell & Co.); *Official Year-Book of the Scientific and Learned Societies for 1894* (Griffin & Co.); *Examination Papers*, 1893, Supplement to the Calendar, 1894, of the Royal University of Ireland (Dublin: Thom & Co.); *London in 1894*, with "Bird's-eye Views of the Principal Streets," and maps, as originally compiled by the late Herbert Fry (Allen & Co.); *Academy Sketches*, edited by Henry Blackburn (Allen & Co.); and *The New Gallery Illustrated Catalogue*, edited by Henry Blackburn (Chatto & Windus).

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to Messrs. R. ANDERSON & Co., 14 Cockspur Street, or to the OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON. A printed Scale of Charges may be obtained on application.

The Publisher of the SATURDAY REVIEW has been informed that on several occasions recently the paper has been inquired for at Newsagents on Saturday morning, with the reply of "Sold out." He will be obliged if any one to whom this reply has been given will supply him with such details as will enable him to make proper arrangements in future.

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FOUR AND A QUARTER PER CENT. LOAN OF 1871.—For every £100 of the 4½ per Cent. Bonds subscribers will be entitled to receive 3½ per Cent. Scrip of equal nominal value, and in Cash a bonus of £6, as well as £1 2s. 4d. (less Income-tax), being Interest at 4½ per Cent. per annum from April 10 to July 15, 1894, the date from which Interest will commence on the new Stock.

For fractional parts of £100 proportionate allotments and cash payments will be made; but in cases where the total of the Bonds presented for conversion is not a multiple of £20, allotment will be made as nearly as the smallest denomination of Bond will permit, and the difference adjusted by a Cash Payment to the Subscriber.

Cheques for the above-mentioned Bonus and Interest will be delivered with the Scrip, which will be issued as soon as possible after allotment.

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All Bonds of the 5 per Cent. Loan of 1854 and of the 4½ per Cent. Loan of 1871, not presented for Conversion, will be called for repayment at par, with accrued Interest, on a date to be subsequently announced, and will cease to bear Interest from that date.

The Scrip after payment of the last instalment will be exchanged for the Bonds as soon as they are ready for delivery.

The new 4½ per Cent. Bonds, as regards both Principal and Interest, will be free from all Turkish taxes, and will be issued to bearer in sums of £20, £100, £500 and £1,000, with Coupons payable half-yearly on April 15 and October 15, in London in pounds sterling, and in Paris and Constantinople at the exchange of the day; but the first Coupon, payable on October 15 next, will be for three months' interest, and will be attached to the Scrip.

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Coupons not presented within six years, and drawn Bonds within fifteen years from the time they become payable, will be forfeited.

Bonds will also be received for conversion in Paris and Constantinople.

NEW COURT, June 5, 1894.

EDUCATIONAL.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—The PROFESSORSHIP of GREEK will shortly be VACANT. The income of the Chair is derived from (1) a share of the class fees; (2) a special grant of £250 per annum; of this grant £150 is guaranteed by the Council for five years only, while £100 may be considered as a permanent endowment. The new Professor will enter upon his duties on October 2. Further information may be obtained from the Secretary, to whom Candidates are requested to address their applications (with twenty printed copies of testimonials) not later than June 25.

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The PROPOSALS received in the year ending 31st December 1893 were 2174 for.....	£1,336,753
Of these, 1,844 were completed, assuring Capital Sums amounting to	1,124,705
The NEW PREMIUMS, whereof £12,478 was by single payment, were	47,547
The PREMIUMS of all kinds, including the Price of Annuities, were	602,535
The TOTAL RECEIPTS for the year, including interest, amounted to	959,891
The CLAIMS amounted, with Bonus Additions,* to	410,075

* These averaged close upon 50 per cent. on the Assurances which participated.

The EXPENSES were about 10½ per cent. of the Premium Income, or 6 per cent. of the Total Income; and the INTEREST received during the year was at the rate of over 4½ per cent.

THE ACCUMULATED FUNDS amounted at 31st DECEMBER 1893 to £8,536,301,
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